

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## CONSTANCE CARROLTON; OR, THE GIPSY HEIR.

*This beautiful tale was commenced in No. 89, which also had Twelve Engravings of Mrs. Cunningham's Baby Adventure, besides Twenty other Engravings of general interest. No. 89 is reprinted, and can be had at all News Depots.*

### CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

CONSTANCE started, and half rose from her chair, while the indignant blood rushed to her face, and her eye flashed; but reflection came almost as rapidly as resentment, and she reseated herself with an air of calm self-possession that conveyed a better reproof to the old lady's rudeness than any remonstrance could have done. Mr. Ravenscroft also started up, but so much more brusquely that he knocked over his chair. Lady Clarissa chuckled malignantly at this exhibition of his wrath, for it was an agreeable excitement to her to put him in a rage; but he disappointed her; for taking the cue from Constance, he too resumed his seat in silence, and in the next moment refilled his mother's glass with a perfectly steady hand.

"Ugh! so you take lessons too, I see," muttered the spiteful old woman, "and a very quick scholar you are, that I must say."

She went on muttering to herself, and Mr. Ravenscroft had the tact to hasten the uncomfortable meal to a close, and the good feeling to draw no more animadversions upon Constance by paying her more attention than was absolutely requisite, confining himself strictly to the barest civilities of the table, and bowing her out when she retired.

Constance with difficulty repressed the tears that were almost choking her, and hurried to the study. It was empty; and with a sudden feeling of release from the painful restraint that had bound her, she threw herself into a chair and gave way to a passionate fit of weeping. The low, troubled whining of a dog aroused her, and Hector laid his head upon her knee, while at the same moment Reginald pulled her hands from her face, and looked at her swollen eyes with anxiety and alarm.

"Who has done this?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper. "Is it my father?"

"No, no," replied Constance, hurriedly, for the lurking vengeance in his eyes alarmed her, "your father is all that is good and kind."

"Then it is that wicked old hag!" he muttered. "Dry your eyes and don't cry any more. She shall not do it again. I'll go and talk to her about it."

There was nothing alarming in these words, but uttered as they were through his closed teeth, while his face was pale with rage, they recalled what Mr. Ravenscroft had said of Lady Clarissa's life being in danger from the violent hatred which his son bore towards her.

"I did not say it was your grandmother who had made me weep," said Constance, "and even if it were you must not harm her. She is very old, and should therefore be treated with respect."

"Yes, she is very old," returned Reginald; "but she is very wicked too, and everybody will be happier when she is dead."

"You must not harm her!" cried Constance, catching him by the arm as he moved towards where his rifle was hanging. "Do you not know that it is very sinful to take a human life?"

"It is not sinful to take hers," he replied, "and so you would say if you knew what I won't tell you. I should care no more for shooting her than for shooting an old carrion-crow."

"But if you killed her it would be murder," said Constance; "and you would be hanged for it." she urged, horrified at the callousness with which he contemplated so dreadful a crime.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, with a derisive laugh, "people are not hanged for murder in this house!"

"Not in this house, perhaps," said Constance, "but you would be taken away to jail, and then hanged with thousands of people looking at you."



MISS JULIANA MAY, THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA. SEE PAGE 195.

"I tell you if any one in this house could be hanged for murder, she would have—"

"Reginald!" said a deep voice interrupting him in a tone of grave reproof.

Both turned and saw Mr. Ravenscroft, who had followed to apologise to Constance as soon as he could do so without exciting the young lady's suspicions.

"Sir, I must leave your house immediately!" cried Constance, forgetting all but Lady Clarissa's insolence.

"No, you must not," he replied, taking her hand with an air of great kindness. "I trust you feel convinced how deeply I regret the annoyance to which you have been subjected. I give you my word that it shall never occur again. You shall take all your meals with Reginald, and it will be your own fault if you ever again see Lady Clarissa."

"I cannot stay," said Constance, choking with resentful tears.

"Do you reflect upon what may be the consequence if you let her drive

you away?" he demanded, with a glance towards the rifle. Constance shuddered.

"If you do go away," said young Reginald, comprehending his father's hint, "I will shoot her, or kill her in some other way; but if you promise to stay, I will leave her alone."

"But it is not only on account of Lady Clarissa that I wish to go," said Constance; "I am much too young to be your teacher. If you had more experience you would know that by remaining here with you I shall suffer greatly in the opinion of the world."

"Hang the world!" exclaimed Reginald, impetuously. "I don't care for the world, and why should you care for it? Now attend to what I say, and mind I am a man, and I have strength and courage to do what I say, for I am not a peevish child, as my father wanted you to believe. I love you, and I will learn anything you like to teach me, and I will do whatever I can to please you and make you happy, if you will stay. But if you go—" He paused, and drew a long breath, while his magnificent eyes were fixed on her with an expression that made her tremble. "If you go," he continued, "I will burn the house down, and die among the ruins."

"This is a vain threat in your father's presence," said Constance; "he has power to put you under restraint, and prevent such an act of guilty madness."

"Ask him if he has!" cried Reginald, exultingly.

"Ask me nothing, Miss Carrolton," said Mr. Ravenscroft, as she turned an anxious, frightened glance towards him, "and take nothing for granted as being possible or impossible. I entreat you to give heed to what Reginald has said, that he will learn from you willingly. And if that has no influence over you, I beg you to recollect the terms of your written agreement to remain as teacher to my son for one year. There is no mention of his age, so you cannot get free on that ground."

"No—it is impossible! I cannot remain!" cried Constance, after a brief struggle with herself.

Those words, to the wild soul of Reginald, were like the spark that explodes a mine. At a bound he seized upon the loaded rifle, aimed it at Constance's heart, and fired. She fell to the ground with a faint cry, that seemed to be strangely echoed from the passage outside. The ball had passed through the door.

"Murderer! villain!" shouted Mr. Ravenscroft, springing like an enraged panther upon his son and clutching him by the throat.



REGINALD ASKING FORGIVENESS OF CONSTANCE CARROLTON.

Reginald dropped the gun and defended himself. Well was it for Mr. Ravenscroft that Hector had gone out of the room, or the struggle would have been speedily decided against him. As it was, though he had the advantage of the first onset, and Reginald was bewildered and horror-stricken at the effect of his own mad action, he was by no means a match for the young savage. Before it could be decided by the strength of either party, the unnatural combat was interrupted by the innocent cause of it. As she lay on the ground Constance's consciousness began slowly to return. At first she heard the sound of trampling feet, mixed with fierce, though smothered, imprecations. She opened her eyes languidly, and to her horror beheld the father and son engaged in a mortal struggle. That sight recalled her to her senses in a moment. She rose up, not knowing that the blood was flowing fast from a wound in her arm, and tried to detach the young man's parricidal hands from his father's throat. Her strength alone could not have accomplished this, but her mere touch acted like magic. Reginald's arms dropped by his sides, but only to be raised again and clasp around her in wild delight.

"I have not killed her!" he exclaimed; "I have not killed her! Forgive me! Will you forgive me? I did not mean to hurt you. I did not know what I was doing! Will you promise not to go away?"

"You take a strange means of making me stay," said Constance, gently disengaging herself from his embrace; "but I will stay on one condition."

"What—what?" he demanded eagerly.

"That you kneel and ask your father's forgiveness for having raised your hand against him," said Constance.

"He struck me first," said Reginald sullenly.

"That is no excuse," said Constance. "He is your father; and no act of his can justify you in striking him. Besides, think of the provocation."

"What was that to him?" said Reginald, turning pale with jealousy. "Does he love you so much that he would kill his son for your sake?"

"He is responsible for my safety," she replied; "for he must have known that it was almost as dangerous to bring me here as to put me into the cage of an untamed lion. Nevertheless, I will brave the danger and stay with you, in the hope of making you a better man."

she hesitated, not liking to acknowledge him being a man, while to call him a boy would have been perfectly ludicrous, so she changed the form of her sentence, and added hastily, "of making you better, if you will apologise to your father, and give me a sacred promise never again, under whatever provocation, to lift your hand against him."

Reginald looked down. He was evidently moved by what she said, when a loud rap against the panel of the half-opened door caused him to start, and the old fierce look came over his face.

"No," he said, through his clenched teeth, "I will not promise!"

"Reginald, I am hurt!" said Constance. "I feel very faint. Perhaps even yet I may die. But before my wound is seen to I must hear you ask your father's pardon, and promise—and promise!"

He cast a frightened glance upon her, and threw himself at the feet of Mr. Ravenscroft, who had sunk upon a chair when his son released him, and was slowly recovering from the effects of partial strangulation.

"Father," he cried, "I beg your forgiveness! And I swear by her blood," and he held up his hand, which had come in contact with her wounded arm, "never again to strike or injure you in any way, whatever you may do."

Before Mr. Ravenscroft could distinctly comprehend what all this meant—for that his son should kneel to him for pardon added much to the general confusion of his senses, so improbable was it that such an event could be anything but the disordered imaginings of a weakened brain—Reginald had sprung again to his feet, and caught Constance in his arms as she was falling.

"Father! father!" he shouted. "Call some one to help her! She will die! she will die!"

Mr. Ravenscroft staggered to the bell and rang it violently. Oliver, who had been alarmed by the report of the gun, answered the summons almost instantly, and when he hurried out again to call the housekeeper, according to his master's rushed orders, he encountered her at the door, for she too had been startled by the firing, and, as she said, by a shrill scream that followed it.

#### CHAPTER VII.

CONSTANCE was laid upon the sofa, and Mr. Ravenscroft, Reginald and Oliver retired, while Mrs. Sweetman, who possessed considerable skill in such matters, hastily examined the wound. The ball had passed through the arm, but fortunately without injuring bone or artery, though the wound bled profusely.

"She has fainted as much through fright as loss of blood," said the housekeeper, surveying Constance's face more attentively than she had hitherto had leisure to do. "Dear heart! but she's a pretty creature! Don't you think so, sir?" she added, addressing Mr. Ravenscroft, who, with the imperious Reginald, she had permitted to return as soon as the wound was dressed.

"Very," said Mr. Ravenscroft, laconically.

"Pretty!" repeated Reginald, with contempt. "Why you call Nancy pretty. She is beautiful—she is magnificent! I'll learn hard to have new names to call her by."

He said this in a low voice as he leant over the couch, so that he was not heard by the bystanders; but, as he concluded, Constance opened her eyes and looked at him. She was still so faint that the idea of death was uppermost in her mind. She saw the venerable face of the housekeeper beside her; and the figures of Mr. Ravenscroft and Oliver in the rear were multiplied by her uncertain vision into a crowd of strangers.

"He did not mean to kill me," said Constance. "I believe the gun went off by accident."

"You must not talk," said the housekeeper. "Drink this, and lie still." Then turning to Mr. Ravenscroft, she added, "It will be best for her, sir, for everybody to leave the room but me. I'll stay by her."

Mr. Ravenscroft wished to stay, but could find no pretext for so doing. Oliver, of course, went without a word, excepting an assurance to Mrs. Sweetman that he would be on the alert to come at the gentlest ring of the bell. Reginald, without troubling himself about excuses or pretexts, said flatly that he would not stir; so partly from the habit of giving way to his moods, and partly from dread of an altercation which might alarm the invalid, he was suffered to remain.

Dark and tumultuous were the thoughts that chased each other through the chaotic mind of the young man, as he sat watching with steadfast eye the poor girl who had so nearly fallen a victim to his blind passions. And he could do nothing to soothe her while she lay there! Much as he loved music he could not play to her; he could not read; he could not converse so as to entertain her. All the strong feelings—the tenderness—the contrition—the agony of remorse—that consumed his soul, he must keep within, for he could find no words to express them. He looked at the stains of blood upon his hands, and then at Constance's wan face, and groaned aloud. She heard the groan, and held out her hand to him in a moment he was kneeling by her side.

"I see," she murmured, "that you sincerely regret what you have done. Profit by the lesson, and curb your hasty temper for the future. Above all, show more deference towards your father. Remember the commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'"

"It was easy for you to keep that commandment," whispered Reginald, "for you have often told me how good and kind your father and mother always were to you. But mine!"

"Repeat nothing to the discredit of your parents," interrupted Constance; "that is not obeying the commandment. Your father, at least, is very kind to you."

"Oh, yes, he is kind enough now," replied Reginald, carelessly; "but that is because all the others are gone. All his fine sons died, and then he was glad to take back the outcast. They all died," he continued, in a mysterious whisper, "after eating lozenges which their grandmother gave them. Just as they were growing up, she became fond of them, and gave them lozenges; and then they died."

"Do not say such horrible things," said Constance. "Mrs. Sweetman said I must be quiet, and you are whispering insinuations dreadful enough to drive one into a fever."

"You may ask Mrs. Sweetman if it is not all true," he replied; "but I'll say no more about it. Do you really forgive me for firing at you? I did not know what I was doing; I only felt that I could not part from you, and that if I could not have you alive I would have you dead."

"You were a reckless, hot-headed boy," said his mistress, trying to resume the tone of superiority with which she usually addressed him, and which, strange to say, she seemed to have lost when he shot her.

Reginald looked at a pier-glass that reflected his own figure and that of his governess; and he smiled, as well he might. Though on Constance's first introduction he was closely shaven, he had resolutely refused to perform that operation any more, and all the lower part of his face was consequently covered by a very thick, though short, black beard. His stature was almost gigantic, and his shoulders were broad and muscular. His complexion, naturally very dark, was bronzed by exposure to the weather; for before the arrival of his gentle tutress his principal occupation had been roaming about the hills and cliffs with his dogs and gun. Such was his own figure, as he saw it reflected in the glass. Constance, with her brown hair lying dishevelled upon the white pillow which had been brought for her accommodation, and pale from loss of blood, faintness and agitation, looked very youthful and fragile. It was no wonder that Reginald smiled. She followed the direction of his eyes, and caught their glance of peculiar meaning.

"I will promise to be a good boy for the future," said he, in a tone of good-humored mockery. "Does not that, pointing to the glass, 'look like a picture of a good little boy and his governess?'"

"I know," said Constance, reddening with vexation, "that my position here is ridiculous, as well as annoying and dangerous; but it is not for you to remind me of it. If you hint at such a thing once more, I will not remain here a day longer."

"How?" said Reginald, with lowering brows. "Have I not cured you of running away?"

"Say rather, have you not done your utmost to drive me away?" returned Constance. "You seem to imagine that the same course of treatment which will subdue a horse or a dog may be adopted towards a rational being. But you will see your error if you persist in it."

Here Mrs. Sweetman, who was sitting a little distance off, and by reason of a slight deafness had not heard a word of their conversation, which she wished for her patient's sake to interrupt, but dared not for fear of rousing Reginald's ungovernable temper, gave vent to her uneasiness in a suppressed sigh and "Oh dear! oh dear!" scarcely audible. Constance, however, heard it, and taking the hint, said, "I am very weary, and I think I can sleep, if you will go away."

"I will be quiet," said Reginald, "but I cannot go away."

He returned gently to his chair. Constance feigned sleep until sleep really closed her eyelids. The two watchers remained motionless. The hours stole away, and night settled down around them. Once or twice the door had opened softly and Mr. Ravenscroft had looked in; but at a sign from the housekeeper he withdrew.

Late in the evening Constance awoke much refreshed; the pain of the wound was considerably abated, and her mind had recovered from the excessive agitation under which she had suffered. Reginald, who had remained so silent and motionless that Mrs. Sweetman imagined that he too had been asleep, was immediately in full activity, and so tormented the invalid with his well-meant but unskilful assiduities, that she was fain to retire to the quiet of her own chamber. The good old housekeeper offered to sit up all night, but to this Constance would not consent. Nevertheless, as she had good reason to believe that it was her hopeful pupil's intention to take up his post outside her door, she willingly agreed that the old lady should occupy a temporary bed on a large sofa which formed part of the furniture of her chamber. Though she had taken a draught composed of various herbs of a sedative nature, it was many hours before Constance felt inclined to sleep. All the events of the last few months presented themselves vividly before her mind: the death of her father and mother; every incident of the funerals; the genuine kindness of Mr. Smedley, contrasting so favorably with the malicious triumph of those whose flatteries she had treated with contempt in the time of her prosperity. Then came the bitter recollection of Lady Willoughby's altered manner, and the heart-sickness of hope deferred, for not a word had she heard from Frank. It was strange too that she had not received an answer to either of the two letters that she had written to the good doctor; one immediately on her arrival at St. Osvyth's Priory, and another two months later. Then she recalled Mr. Ravenscroft's evident anxiety to prevent her knowing precisely to what place he was taking her; and she did him no great injustice by the suspicion which flitted across her mind, that he might possibly have detained and destroyed her letters. This it was quite possible for him to do, as the letter-bag was always taken to him to be locked before being dispatched to the post-office. After dismissing the idea again and again, as quite unworthy of one who always behaved like a gentleman, she resolved to write once more to Mr. Smedley, detailing exactly how she was situated, and giving as accurate a description as she could of the most prominent features in the surrounding country (lest the address given by Mr. Ravenscroft should not be sufficiently clear), and drop the letter in the village the next time she went to church, in the hope that whoever found it would put it into the post-office, about half a mile beyond. Why she intended giving such precise directions concerning the place of her abode, she did not give herself the trouble to consider. She could not suppose that Mr. Smedley would be knight-errant enough to leave his practice and come there in search of her, and she would not suppose that he might impart the information to another, to whose soldierly character the knight-errantry would be quite suitable.

Having decided upon this matter for the future, Constance began again to think of the past and the present. Mr. Ravenscroft's manners towards her had undergone a great though gradual change. He had always been perfectly polite and deferential; but at first she had felt certain that he would have sacrificed her without hesitation, if he had deemed it necessary for the attainment of the grand object of his wishes, the training of his son, and fitting him to uphold the family honors. By slow degrees this impression wore off. His visits to the study, which used to be paid in the morning, and chiefly in order that he might watch over Reginald's progress, were now generally left till the evening, and assumed the appearance of being made to the teacher rather than to the pupil. This seemed natural enough, considering his passionate love for music, and Constance was glad of it, for Mr. Ravenscroft's presence acted as a check upon her unruly pupil, who sometimes manifested so much fondness for his tutress that she had great difficulty in restraining him at all within the bounds of decorum. He was too ignorant of the world and its rules to understand why he should not hold her hand in his, or put his arm round her waist, or lay his head on her lap or shoulder, when it did not inflict any pain upon her, and was very pleasant to himself. Yet, though he would not acknowledge that there was any wrong in attempting such familiarities, his innate modesty made him desist from them in the presence of a third party. For this reason Constance was pleased when Mr. Ravenscroft began to spend his evenings with them, although she attributed it to a suspicion on his part that the poor teacher had designs upon the hand and fortune of her wealthy pupil. She smiled haughtily at the idea, and thought of Frank Willoughby.

After while a feeling of jealousy began to develop itself between the father and son, and the attentions of the former became so marked that Constance often wished that she had only the unsophisticated and innocent Reginald to deal with. She would have been contented to play to them all the evening, especially as she had succeeded in establishing it as a rule that neither of them was to turn over the leaves for her, but both were to remain at a sufficient distance, under the pretext that it made her nervous if any one looked over her. But fond as they both were of music, it did not always suit them. Mr. Ravenscroft was very fond of chess, and Constance was a good player; consequently Reginald wished to learn, and sat close beside her to watch the game. This did well enough for a time, till lowering looks and angry words began to show that fresh jealousies were arising; and her position, as at once the cause of contention and the medium of peace, became more and more arduous and embarrassing. It was with great difficulty that she had kept her pupil and his father from an open rupture, and the catastrophe of that day was only the bursting of a storm that had long been threatening. She wished very much that she could escape from her engagement; but the penalty, which she never dreamt of eluding by any subtlety of the law, would have swallowed up nearly the whole of her worldly possessions. Another and stronger reason for remaining was that she had acquired considerable power over Reginald's mind, and was rapidly drawing him into a love of learning for its own sake, which would make him willing, after a while, to receive instruction from more fitting tutors. On one subject alone his mind seemed incapable of receiving any impression. He

could not, or would not, entertain a religious idea. Constance often prayed for strength and guidance to overcome this difficulty. She blamed herself for want of zeal in the work that had been appointed her of leading an erring and benighted soul into the way of salvation. And, now, while she lay awake with the pain of her wound, she recalled every opportunity that she had omitted when a word in season might have been spoken, and almost believed that the danger she had incurred and the wound she had received were a direct punishment for her lukewarmness.

Probably the opiate which Constance had swallowed aided in some degree the slight delirium under which she labored, and caused her to imagine that she saw a face looking steadfastly at her through the half-opened curtains. There was a wood fire blazing brightly on the hearth, but the light was intercepted by the large sofa on which Mrs. Sweetman lay, as well as by the thick dark curtains of the bed, so that the side on which the face appeared was thrown into deep shadow. At first it seemed to bear so strong a resemblance to Reginald that Constance imagined that her pupil had stolen in to see if she was sleeping, but a sudden gleam of the flickering light showed her that it was the countenance of a woman. The complexion was swarthy—the eyes large, black and lustrous, and the whole appearance was that of an extremely handsome gipsy, not young, yet preserving the beauty which in general disappears before middle age in that hardy race. As she gazed the resemblance to Reginald became more and more striking, until she began to fancy that the apparition must be the mere "coinage of her brain," which pertinaciously recalled the face of her pupil as she had seen him before his beard had grown. She passed her hands across her eyes to clear her vision, and when she looked again the space between the curtains was vacant. Satisfied that it was a mere optical delusion, she tried to compose herself to sleep, when the sudden appearance of Mrs. Sweetman at the other side of the bed again aroused her.

"Is anything amiss?" asked Constance.

"No, miss," replied the old woman, "only I thought you were out of bed and moving about the room. I really thought I saw you, but I suppose hearing you move made me fancy that."

"I have not stirred," said Constance, "perhaps it was a cat. Look round the room, will you, and send her out."

Mrs. Sweetman looked under the bed and in every corner where a cat could by any possibility be concealed, and as nothing was discovered Constance felt satisfied that no human intruder could be in the room. As she wished to know whether the door was locked, and at the same time to avoid frightening the old lady, she suggested that the cat might be scratching at the door. The peculiar click as the key turned in the lock convinced her that it had been locked, and therefore if her nocturnal visitor had been a creature of flesh and blood she could not have made her exit in the usual way. The housekeeper's exclamation as she looked into the passage also suggested an easy explanation of the noise which the old lady had heard.

"La! Master Reginald!" she said; "how you did frighten me!"

"Is Reginald there?" asked Constance.

"Yes, miss, lying across the doorway, as if he was asleep."

"I am not asleep," he said, in a low voice.

"Reginald! come here!" said Constance, much to Mrs. Sweetman's astonishment, as well as to the startling of all her notions of propriety. The young man had no such ideas, but sprang across the room and knelt by the bedside. "Do you wish to make me very ill?" she asked.

"You know I do not," he replied, in a hoarse whisper, "you know I would die to serve you, now that I am in my senses."

"Then go to your own room," said Constance, "and pray for God's help that you may repent sincerely of the crimes you attempted to commit."

"I do repeat," he said, taking her hand and passing it across his face that she might feel the tears with which his cheeks and beard were wet.

"I do not doubt that you repent in your own rough way," said Constance; "but such repentance is not sufficient before God. Go!" she said, and she fervently pressed his hand, for he had not suffered her to withdraw hers, "go and humble yourself at the Throne of Grace, and pray that this occasion which might have ended so fatally for you may be turned by the help of Divine Wisdom into the means of your salvation."

"This occasion, as you call it, might have been much worse for you than for me!" he said, with a shudder.

"Nay, not so," she replied, "for I am somewhat prepared, and should not fear to meet my Maker; but what would have been your state, with the blood of a fellow creature on your hands! perhaps even with your father's life to answer for!"

"That state should not have lasted long," he said, smiling grimly.

"Oh! worse and worse!" she cried, rightly divining his meaning.

"What then would have been your fate, hurried by your own act into eternity!"

"Do all people who have committed murder go down to that bottomless pit you have told me of, and remain there for ever?" he asked.

"We are taught to believe that such will be their fate, unless they repent," replied Constance.

"Then I don't wish to go there at all," said Reginald, "because I should always see my grandmother, for she will never repent. But as you are sure to go to Heaven, I should like to go there too. Tell me what I must do!"

Constance sighed heavily as she thought how unsuitable was such a state of mind for the momentous task which he undertook with so much levity.

"First," said she, "you must pray with all your heart and soul for Divine grace to assist you and enlighten you. Then you must learn God's commandments, and endeavor to keep them. I can talk no more, Reginald: I am weak and weary. Good night!"

He kissed her hand, and went softly out of the room. In another minute the door of his own room was heard to shut; the sound reverberated through the vaulted passage, and all was still.

"I never saw any one so changed in all my born days as Mr. Reginald is since you've been here, miss," said Mrs. Sweetman, turning the key and approaching the bed. "Before you came his temper was awful!"

"I have good cause to know that it is still rather ungovernable," said Constance, glancing at her wounded arm. "How is it that his education has been so sadly neglected?"

"I hardly know the rights of the story, miss," replied the housekeeper, "for I have not lived in the family much above six years. If there's anybody besides the family themselves that really does know, it is old Oliver; but he is so close one can get nothing out of him. What I have heard is as this: master married on the sly when he was very young, and he put his wife to school somewhere near London, because she was a foreigner and had been taught very little. He said she was a foreigner, but many people that live about here, and saw her often, have told me that she was as like a gipsy as anybody could be. After a time he brought her home, and then it seems that her temper was so dreadful that he had a miserable life of it. However, she brought him a son, and that was a comfort to him, and the child seemed to smooth her humors too, and so they got on very well for a few years. But then Lady Clarissa grew tired of living in Paris, and came to reside here. After that, there was no peace in the house. Her ladyship never goes into a passion nor quarrels herself, but she has the cleverest way of setting other people by the ears that ever I heard of. She never seems so pleased as when she has made two people disagree and quarrel, and it was easy enough to do it here; for master is hot tempered, and Mrs. Ravenscroft, they say, had the spirit of Lucifer when she was roused. When Master Reginald was about four years old they had a terrible quarrel, and Mrs. Ravenscroft swore by a number of strange outlandish names, that she would be revenged. That night she and the child both disappeared; and it was fully believed all round the country that she had jumped with him into the sea. And so, after a while, it was all forgotten, and then there was a talk of Mr. Ravenscroft's marrying again; but Lady Clarissa did all she could to prevent it, because she hated the family to which the young lady belonged. However, Mr. Ravenscroft would not be hindered, and so he appointed a suite of rooms for his mother, with her own carriage and servants, that she need never meet his wife anywhere about the house, and then he went to London and married Miss Merryweather, notwithstanding she was the daughter of a manufacturer. She had a very large fortune, but, poor thing! she had not much enjoyment of it. In six years she had three fine boys, and they all had the fair hair and fresh rosy complexion of their mother's family. However, their father loved them, and was as proud of them as he had been of his eldest boy, who was every bit

a Ravenscroft, with large black eyes and jet black hair. As for Lady Clarissa, she went on worse than ever. A few days after each baby was born she had it brought to her, and took a good look at it; and when she saw the poor little innocent's sweet blue eyes and flaxen hair, she scowled at it as if it was a toad or a viper, and sent it away again. And the nurse that carried the youngest told me on her death-bed that Lady Clarissa, as she looked at the blessed infant, muttered to herself, "They're none of them Ravenscrofts! But she shall repent it!" The nurse durstn't for her life repeat those words to anybody at the time, but things that transpired afterwards caused them to prey upon her mind to that degree that she could not die easy till she had confided them to some one, and so she told me.

"What was it that gave them so much importance?" asked Constance, with painful interest, for many points of the story tallied strangely with the hints thrown out by Reginald respecting the character of his grandmother, and the fate of his brothers.

"It was this," replied Mrs. Sweetman, dropping her voice to a still lower key. "Just as the eldest boy was growing up to manhood, and his father and mother were rejoicing over his growth and cleverness, for he had been to the best school in England, and Mr. Ravenscroft was talking of sending him to Oxford in another year, all at once Lady Clarissa seemed to take a great liking for him, and she began to dine with the rest of the family, and to spend her evenings with them. Mr. Ravenscroft was delighted, and his poor wife no doubt was pleased to see that she was no longer a bar between her husband and his mother, though she never seemed able to conquer her fear of the awful old creature. One night everybody in the house heard the death wail, that is, as perhaps you've heard, miss, some strange music that sounds always before the death of the Ravenscroft family. The next day the poor boy had a slight cough, and her ladyship gave him some lozenges that she always carried in her pocket for her own cough. It has been whispered, though I don't know who the story began with, that she put one into his mouth, which was different from the rest, and was taken out of a little gold box. However that may be, he was seized with terrible convulsions, and died that very night. The doctor said something about poison, and Lady Clarissa instantly made a great fuss about her lozenges, and sent some to a great chemist in London to be examined; but of course they were all right; and so the matter was dropped, for those who had suspicions were too much afraid to breathe a word of them. But the mourning for the eldest son was not over when the death wail was heard again louder than before, and the other two were seized in the same way, and died within an hour of each other. It was said that these fits were common in their mother's family. Mr. Ravenscroft had their bodies opened, but no poison could be found, and so the poor lambs were buried beside their brother. Lady Clarissa seemed quite overpowered with grief, and went into the deepest mourning.

"Well, miss," continued the old housekeeper, "you'd think all this was horrors enough for one family, but stranger things yet was to come. The night after the funeral of the two boys the whole house was raised by the most fearful shrieks that mortal ears ever heard. All the servants rushed in alarm to Mrs. Ravenscroft's room, from which the cries proceeded. But Lady Clarissa and Mr. Ravenscroft, who had been sitting with his mother in her dressing room, were there first, all except Oliver. He was just going up to bed after seeing to the fastenings of the doors and the safety of the house, when he heard the screams, and ran into the room without a moment's hesitation, because he thought his lady must be on fire. What he saw there he has never, to my knowledge, revealed to anybody. Perhaps his life might not be worth much if he did. However, Mr. Ravenscroft and her ladyship sent all the servants out of the room; and as Oliver passed among them without seeming to see any of them, and looking as white as this counterpane, he muttered, 'I saw them all—all three! all poi—' or some other word that began with a p, and then he gasped, and hurried away from his fellow-servants; and though they followed, and asked him what he had seen, he would not utter another word, but locked himself into his room. All the rest were too frightened to go to bed. Besides, poor Mrs. Ravenscroft continued screaming all through that dreary night. The housekeeper—it was before I came, you know, miss—went up and asked if she might send one of the men-servants for a doctor; but Mr. Ravenscroft was in such a rage with her for interfering, and looked so awful, that she durstn't for her life go near him again. Two of the men went up to Oliver's door several times, and still his light was burning, and they heard his voice, as if he was praying, which no doubt he was. You may be sure the servants were all frightened enough, for when they came to compare notes, and some told what they had heard Oliver say, and some said they had heard Mrs. Ravenscroft say in the midst of her screams, 'my children,' and some 'poison,' and others different words that all seemed to show that something dreadful had happened, they all believed that the spirits of the three boys had appeared to their mother, and that Oliver, running in first, had seen them too. What made them believe this all the more was that when he came down in the morning his hair was white as snow. The day before, he was a fresh-colored, cheerful sort of man, with jet black hair; but from that time no one ever saw a trace of color on his cheeks, or a smile on his face, and his hair was that morning just what you see it now."

"And what more happened to Mrs. Ravenscroft?" asked Constance, whose sympathies were aroused by the sorrows of that patient and timorous woman.

"She left off screaming after that night," replied Mrs. Sweetman, "but her senses left her, and she has ever since been in the state she is in now. A great change came over Mr. Ravenscroft too; he became gloomy and silent, and looked ten years older. He had used to like company and gaiety, but after the death of his sons and his poor wife's heavy affliction, he gave up society altogether, and scarcely ever saw anybody. His only amusement was going out alone with his gun among the hills, and once, it was about ten years ago, he met with a youth so like his lost child, Reginald, that he brought him home with him; and sure enough, when they examined his left arm, they found a natural mark they knew him by, as well as the letters R. K., for Reginald Ravenscroft, which his mother had had a fancy to tattoo by the side of it. One would have thought the poor gentleman would have taken leave of his senses with joy at recovering his son; but his pleasure was soon checked when he found out how terribly ignorant the boy was. If you'll believe me, miss, he could scarcely so much as talk, and he did not know the names of the commonest things about the house. In fact, he was just as if he had been brought up in a cave by some wild beast. He could not tell where he had lived, nor who he had lived with. At first my master had the clergyman to come and teach him, but that wouldn't do. He would not learn from him, and he put himself into such dreadful passions that Mr. Gibson was afraid to come near him again. Then his father observed that he picked up words fast enough from the maid servants, so he engaged Miss Gibson, the curate's sister, to come every morning to instruct him; but the obstinate boy had taken such a violent hatred to his grandmother, that he could not bear the sight of an elderly woman, and poor Miss Gibson ran away after a five minutes' trial, almost scared out of her wits. After that he tried a young gentleman, but he could do no good; Mr. Reginald seemed jealous that any one so near his own age should be so much wiser than himself. Then my master went off to London and fetched you, miss; and, dear me! how he has improved since!"

"And you really believe, said Constance, musingly, "that the spirits of these three poor boys appeared to their mother, and gave her an intimation of the cause of their death?"

"Indeed I do, miss, as firmly as I believe in anything."

"Have they been seen again?" asked Constance.

"Something has been seen more than once," said Mrs. Sweetman, "and it is so well known, that there is not one of the servants besides Oliver who will go about the house alone after nightfall."

"But if Oliver beheld the apparitions in Mrs. Ravenscroft's room, one would suppose that he would be the most timid of all, because he would feel sure there were such things, and would fear to see them again," said Constance.

"Oliver is prepared, miss," replied the housekeeper solemnly; "at every spare moment he is reading his Bible, and we all think he spends half the night in prayer."

"It is a terrible tale," said Constance, "and full of mystery; but let us hope that the darker part of it—the poisoning of those boys by their own grandmother—is not true. If it were, surely some notice would have been taken of it."

"Why you see, miss, the bodies were examined by Mr. Ravenscroft's own wish, and nothing was found; and after the fright that drove his poor wife out of her mind, even if he knew or suspected

how they came by their death, he could not accuse his own mother. And yet if he did know it, that would account for the change in his behavior."

"It is too dreadful to dwell upon," said Constance, with a shudder. "Tell me something else before I go to sleep, or those two boys and that terrible old lady will be in my dreams all night. Are there no other ghosts about the house? Has not the first Mrs. Ravenscroft been seen by any one?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" replied Mrs. Sweetman. "She has been often seen."

"I thought so," said Constance; "and did no one suspect that she might be still alive?"

"She alive! La, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Sweetman. "Where could she have been hidden all these years?"

"Where was Reginald hidden?" said Constance. "And who could have brought him up as though he had been nurtured in the cave of a wild beast? Who but a woman who was maddened by real or imaginary wrongs, and who took the sharpest vengeance in sending back a young savage to claim the family honors?"

"Then, perhaps, it was she who poisoned the children by the second wife," said Mrs. Sweetman; "she might want to get them out of the way."

"No, no," replied Constance; "if they died by poison it was not given by her hand. They could not interfere with her son's rights, for they were illegitimate, and could not claim even the younger brother's portion. Is there a portrait of her in the house?" she asked, after a thoughtful pause.

"Oh, yes! There's a large full-length portrait of her in her riding-habit, leaning upon her favorite horse," said Mrs. Sweetman. "It used to hang in the dining-room; but after she went away it was put into another room that is never used. I'll show it to you when you get about again—it is in the room next to this."

"Thank you, Mrs. Sweetman," said Constance, drowsily. "I think I can sleep now."

The housekeeper watched the heavy eyelids drop over the soft gray eyes, and then stole gently back to her own bed.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The following morning Constance awoke to a strange sense of confusion, amid which the only permanent and real thing seemed to be that she was suffering acute pain in her wounded arm. All else was vague and fleeting. She could not recollect who had wounded her; but as she dozed, or became partially insensible, the strangest ideas upon this point chased each other through her brain. Sometimes she fancied that Lady Clarissa had bitten her; sometimes that Mr. Ravenscroft had shot her for attempting to escape; sometimes that the strange dark woman who had peered at her through the bed-curtains was hanging her by a hook through the arm, because she refused to eat a lozenge taken out of a little gold box.

"I will not have it! it is poison!" she exclaimed, dashing out her hand with violence.

A crash of glass followed, and a muttered ejaculation from Mrs. Sweetman, and Constance opened her eyes to find that in her half-delirious sleep she had flung down a glass of cooling drink which the good housekeeper, seeing her feverish and restless state, was holding to her lips, and trying to induce her to drink. She laughed faintly at her blunder, and drank another glass of the anti-febrile decoction, after which she again sank into a troubled sleep.

A short time afterwards Mr. Ravenscroft tapped softly at the door to inquire how she was progressing. Mrs. Sweetman allowed him to approach the bed, that he might judge for himself. He stood at the foot, and gazed long and earnestly at the sleeping girl.

"Don't you think the doctor ought to be sent for, sir?" whispered the housekeeper.

"Not if your skill will suffice, my good lady," he replied. "I wish above all things, as I told you last night, to avoid having this sad accident known. Nevertheless, a horse shall be kept saddled that Dr. Welsh may be sent for at any moment of the day or night, if you see symptoms of danger."

At this moment Constance opened her eyes and fixed them intently upon Mr. Ravenscroft. She did not appear to recognise him, and her eyes wandered away and remained for some minutes riveted as upon some object at his right hand.

"There they are, standing beside you!" she said in a low clear voice, extending her unwounded arm in the same direction, "all three of them! golden-haired boys, beautiful as angels! all poisoned!"

Her arm dropped, and her eyes closed again in slumber. Mr. Ravenscroft shuddered violently, and staggered out of the room without uttering a word.

Mrs. Sweetman was awe-struck; she fully believed that Constance had actually beheld the apparitions of the three murdered boys (forgetting the more probable solution of the mystery—that the vision was only the creation of a disordered brain); and though she knew that such innocent souls must be harmless, yet the dread of encountering any supernatural visitant so overcame her, that she sank upon her knees, hiding her face in the bedclothes, and prayed aloud.

A touch on the shoulder startled her. She looked round, almost expecting to see three youthful figures in white garments; but there was only one, and that was clothed in black.

"Oliver!" she exclaimed, rising from her knees, and trembling from head to foot. "Oh, dear, how you frightened me!"

"You were frightened enough before, Mrs. Sweetman," he replied in a subdued tone. "How is it? Have you seen them?"

"No, thank Heaven! I have not," she replied; "but she saw them. She said they were standing there, by master's side. And then he rushed out like a madman."

"As well he might," said the old man with a sigh. "And yet, poor gentleman! he is guiltless of any wrong to them. No doubt she did see them. They cannot rest."

"Those are awful words, Oliver," said Mrs. Sweetman in a terrified whisper. "Do you mean to say that you know how the poor boys died? Many folks say you do."

"I say nothing, miss, and never shall, unless a great alteration takes place," replied the old man; "and I advise you not to trust too much to what the gossips tell you. Nobody can know the truth. But I'm forgetting the errand I came for. Mr. Ravenscroft wishes to know how the young lady is, and whether her nerves are shaken at all."

"Tell him she has not opened her eyes since he was here," said Mrs. Sweetman, "and that she is in a calm sleep, from which I hope she will awake much better."

(To be continued.)

#### MISS JULIANA MAY, PRIMA DONNA.

JULIANA MAY, the Prima Donna whose portrait adorns our present number, is a native of Washington city, where her childhood was passed. Having at an early age evinced an extraordinary ear and fondness for music, as well as a voice of uncommon power and sweetness, these gifts were sedulously cultivated with a view simply to the embellishment and gratification of private life. On the death, however, of her father, an eminent physician of the metropolis, Miss May decided to devote herself to the more serious study of the art, in order to render her talents available before the public; to do this, she immediately set out for Italy, and received at parting this emphatic encouragement from Nourrit, who had been her master at Philadelphia: "God has done everything for you. Italy and your own application must insure success." With all the ardor and energy of a devoted ambition, Miss May pursued for several years a course of severest study in the schools of Naples and Florence, the great Rossini himself superintending her lessons in the latter place, while she attained the dramatic branch of her profession under the auspices of an eminent *mimo* master at Milan. At length, Miss May had acquired all that professors can impart, and it only needed the practice of the public stage to perfect in her an artist of rare excellence. She therefore, accepted an operative engagement at Trenta, a provincial town, making her *début* as "Amina" in "La Sonnambula." The encouragement and warm applause which here greeted her every successive performance, was such as would satisfy the most aspiring *débutante*, and Miss May no longer hesitated to form an engagement for the opera at Verona, making her first appearance as "Gilda" in "Il Rigoletto," a rôle abounding in the

sudden transitions and other peculiar difficulties of Verdi's style, and one tasking both the vocal and dramatic qualities of the mature artist. Miss May's success was therefore only the more remarkable. The truth and richness of her tones, the accuracy and finish of her vocalization, and her dramatic rendering of the character elicited enthusiastic applause, especially in the scene and duet with the tenor (Giuglini), which created a *furore*; and high encomiums filled the Italian press. It was at Verona likewise that Miss May first tried her powers in the concert-room, taking a frequent and distinguished part in the Philharmonic Concerts of that city, ever reaping fresh honors and reputation. Proceeding thence to Paris, Miss May met with the most flattering commendation and consideration from M. Halévy, who would have secured her an engagement at the French opera, but having at that time prepared herself exclusively for the Italian opera, she could not, unfortunately, benefit by his kindness. Determined to neglect no opportunity of adding to her professional attainments, Miss May, while in Paris, perseveringly attended the dramatic school of Duprez, and under his direction added Norma, Lucia, and Leonora ("Trovatore"), to her repertory, already an extensive one for a beginner, and comprising some of the choicest *rolles* of Bellini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and Verdi. Miss May was on the point of embarking last autumn for the United States, when she was engaged by Mr. Lumley for a series of concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, where she sang to crowded houses with great beauty and effect. Subsequently she has sung this spring at numerous concerts at Exeter Hall, Drury Lane, the Dudley Gallery, and Willis's Rooms, with such triumphant success, that she was offered the position of Prima Donna Assoluta at the English Opera-house, London, then vacant. But brilliant and successful as has been her short career abroad, it is not surprising, when all foreign artists are crowding to our shores, in search of fame and fortune, that America's own daughter should eagerly desire to be a candidate for that generous welcome which has ever been so readily and heartily extended to others. Mr. Collins having, with courteous and characteristic liberality, extended to Miss May the offer of a complimentary passage in one of his splendid steamers, she will arrive here the present month, to delight the ears of her countrymen with the rich notes of her rare voice, while in all its beautiful freshness, and to gather her brightest honors in her native land, where her fathers won a Revolutionary fame, and where there descendants still bear a distinguished reputation in civil and military life. Miss May's voice is a "soprano stogato," comprising a range of nearly three octaves, the register being unusually equal and full, and in some parts of surpassing beauty, flexible and birdlike in rapid cadence, and possessing a peculiar metallic quality in the staccato passages, for which she is very remarkable.

The following opinions expressed in favor of her claims as a Prima Donna, we copy from a foreign paper:

"VERONA, PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—If ever there was a situation calculated to produce trepidation in a *débutante*, it was certainly that which Miss Juliana May encountered when she presented herself on Saturday evening upon the boards of this theatre, before a Veronese audience, in the opera of 'Il Rigoletto,' which an artist of high reputation, only two days before, had represented with most brilliant success. Thus did Miss May present herself in a part sustained with so much applause by her older rival, braving the judgment of spectators already prejudiced in favor of the artist with whom she was about to come into comparison. It was an essay doubly arduous. She would be called upon to overcome a prejudice, and to prove to the public that she possessed the ability to maintain with dignity the difficult ordeal. And did she succeed? The Veronese have decided it. We will only say how they treated her in the course of the opera. When she first presented herself it was visible to every one that she was suffering under a powerful emotion, upon which a spontaneous applause arose to encourage her, and it succeeded so well that in the execution of the *duet* with Cresci, her voice was so fine as to call forth a long-continued and general salvo of applause. The same may be said of the other *duet* with Giuglini, and of the romance which precedes the last piece of the first act. In the last two acts, every piece was hailed with plaudits, particularly the finale of the last. Such was the *début* here of Miss May, who possesses a sweet, musical, clear, and manageable voice, capable of achieving the most brilliant success."

Miss May left Liverpool on Wednesday, August the 19th, on the Atlantic, for New York city. She will make her appearance here either in opera or in concert; the plan of her first introduction to an American public has not been definitely decided upon.

#### WHAT DO PEOPLE EAT?

(Continued from page 196.)

Of these various articles of diet we only know by books of travel and rumors brought from afar; no attempt has been made, except in the rice-growing matter, to naturalize them in this country. But we have lately heard a great deal about the Chinese yam, called by some the Chinese potato, and our agricultural authorities are making some efforts to introduce it into the United States. This yam, botanically named *Dioscorea Batatas*, seems a curious mixture of our sweet potato and the common Irish potato, forming an extremely pleasant and nutritious article of food, and is by no means difficult to cultivate. The accompanying engraving will convey a very good idea of its external appearance, in several varieties. It was first introduced into France by M. Montigny, who was French consul at Shanghai, and by slow degrees has found its way into England and into America.

The tubercles of this vegetable have been used for food during many years in India, as well as in the Antilles, where it is cultivated simultaneously with the Spanish potato, and its roots, baked among the cinders, constitute the greater part of the food of the natives.

This tubercle, when divided with a knife, will be found white and plump, like our common potato, and partakes in some degree of the peculiar flavor of the hazel nut. Most of the domestic animals devour the stalks greedily, and it will therefore prove an accession to the farmer as well as to the epicure.

If trained on poles, the vine will grow to five or six feet in height, but it is generally allowed to creep along the ground, which it completely covers with the rich luxuriance of its glossy, heart-shaped leaves.

The Chinese yam may be propagated in several different manners—by the bulbous root, or sections of it, planted in the ground—by slips, or cuttings, and by the bulbules, or little seeds which grow along the vine; but the first method is quickest and most practicable. It is calculated that on an equal surface of ground, its product will far surpass that of the common potato.

For its successful cultivation, the soil must be rich and mellow, rather damp than dry and tenacious, but, above all, of sufficient depth to admit of the enormous development of the roots. Perhaps the greatest inconvenience in its growth, in an agricultural point of view, will be to provide implements for its harvesting, so deep do the tubercles strike. With all these accessories and provisions duly supplied, it will be our own fault if the Chinese yam does not become one of our finest vegetables.

THE VATICAN.—The word "Vatican" is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length, and about 1,000 in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by a garden of the *crucis Nere*. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected an humble residence on its site. About the year 1000, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Aragon. In 1086, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, where the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for many years. It is now the repository of multitudes of treasures of art.

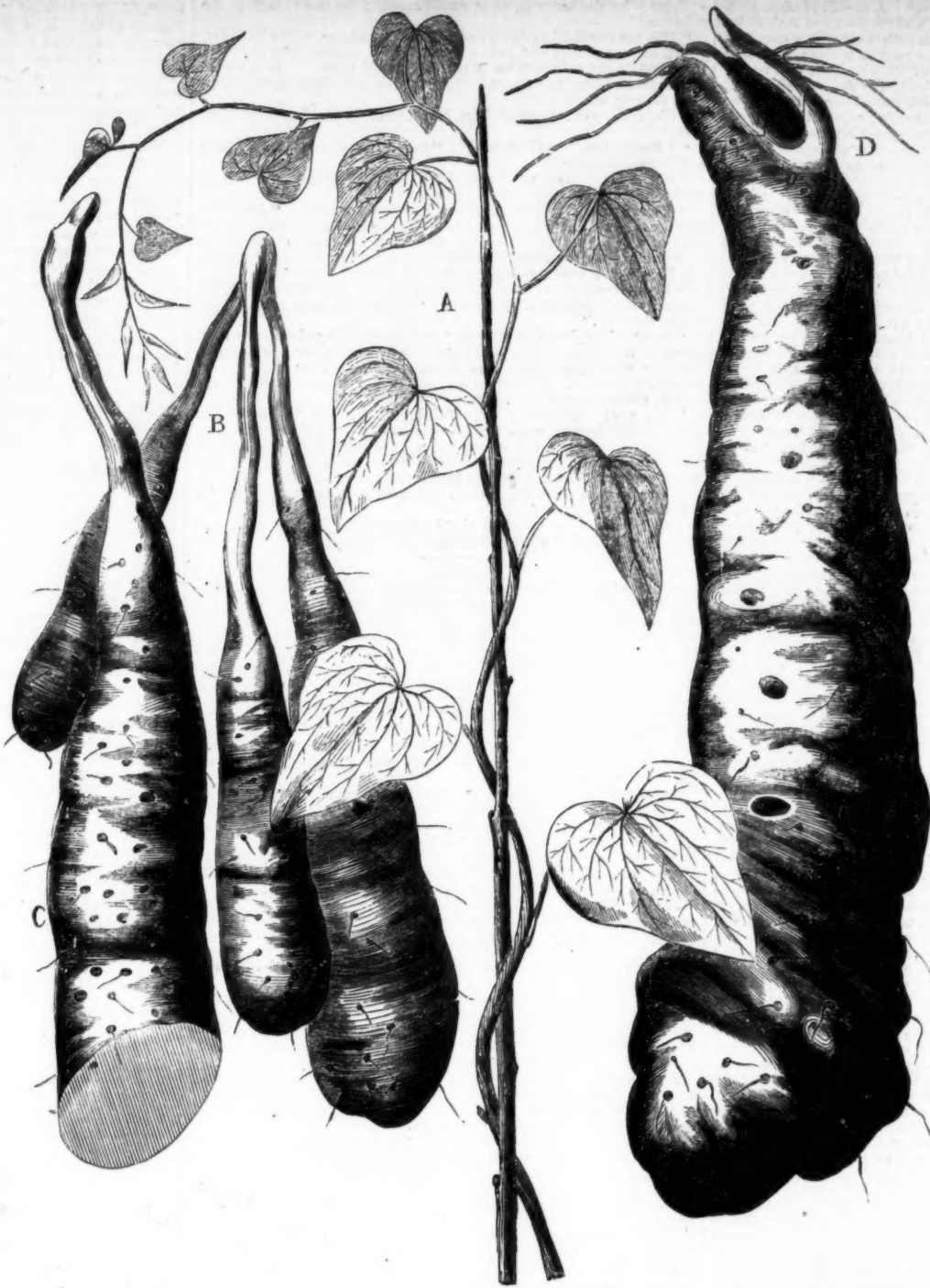
## WHAT DO PEOPLE EAT?

RATHER a comprehensive question this! Were we to propound it in the peaceful villages where John Bull luxuriates, we should doubtless be deafened by the thundering response of "Roast beef;" our mercurial Gallic neighbors would talk of *pâtés, soupes* and *ragouts*; Sandy would bring forward his proverbial dish of oatmeal porridge; the dreamy Italian would murmur of macaroni; and the keen-faced American, with his green corn, hominy, and buckwheat cakes, would fancy his palate the most delicately tickled of all. Up among the northern icebergs, our Greenland kinsfolk smack their lips over seals-flesh, bears-meat, and cans of greasy oil; where the jungles and cane-brakes of India lie scorching beneath the tropical sun, rice, curry and juicy fruits form the principal bill of fare; and among far-off islands, the race of cannibals feast, with extreme relish, on the tenderest portions of their defunct enemies!

A New York lady's idea of eating may be comprised within one of the little marble tables at Taylor's, loaded with Charlotte Russe, jellies, tarts, and ices. A Wall street merchant thinks that he eats when he gulps down a bit of rancid beef-steak, and finishes off with a *pâté-de-foie-gras*, utterly unconscious the while of the amount of disguised dyspepsia which his Bordeaux is simultaneously washing down. Railroad passengers at way stations, scalding their throats with hot soup, and listening with one ear the while for the conductor's yell of "All aboard!" no doubt delude themselves with the chimeric idea that they are eating. But if you want to see solid comfort combined with the process of deglutition; if you want to witness a living illustration of unalloyed happiness, you must look upon an Irishman eating his noonday meal. Perhaps he is roosting beneath the doorway of some Five Points' domicile—perhaps perched upon the steps of some stately mansion which he is humbly assisting to erect; no matter where—the *how* is the question. Observe him with serene brow and closed eyes, now applying himself to his beloved "peraties," and now taking a pull at his mysterious tin flask, stopping to enjoy the flavor between whiles, and smacking his lips over every solitary morsel with epicurean delight. Verily, our Irishman is a philosopher in his way—that meal of "peraties" and beer is invested with a glory which Delmonico himself could not excel in his most elaborate "set-outs!"

The world-celebrated philosopher of the New York *Tribune* nourishes a pet "ism" on the subject of vegetarian diet. His idea of eating is contained in beets, turnips, cabbages and beans! We have heard lately of a convention of French *savans* solemnly assembled to decide on the merits of *horse-flesh*, and their decrees have been heralded with as much pomp and ceremony as Judge Taney's decision on the Dred Scott case. A new married couple, or a pair of romantic lovers, associate the term "eating" with a vine-covered arbor, strawberries and cream, a general atmosphere of canary birds, guitars, and rosebuds; but as they grow a little older these ethereal fancies subside into more substantial realities, and roast turkey and pumpkin pie become necessities to our loving pair. If you go into a log cabin in Virginia or Maryland, you will see Uncle Tom and Chloe enjoying their hoe-cake and fried pork, with a bowl of sour milk to wash it down. If you enter a cottage in a Western prairie, they will cordially invite you to partake of their venison and "corn-fixings!" Everywhere, people will eat. The heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters that are under the earth, serve equally to supply our wants, and it is enough to make a tender-hearted and philosophical individual sigh, this hot weather, to think how many wretched mortals are at this instant perspiring over monster ranges and relentless cooking-stoves, in order to minister to our appetites. Just suppose we could at one instant take a complete view of all the kitchens in the universe! What a gush of sympathetic tears there would be! What a watering of mouths! We will dismiss the subject—it is too aggravating to be long dwelt upon!

Across the seas, and divided from us by the wide sweep of the Pacific Ocean, dwell the Chinese, surrounded by a myste-



A. THE CHINESE YAM, AS CULTIVATED AT VERSAILLES. B. A TUBERLE TWO YEARS OLD. C. AN OLDER TUBERLE, CUT IN TWO IN THE MIDDLE. D. YAM FROM MARTINIQUE.

rious atmosphere of secrecy and exclusiveness. We cannot hold out to this singular race the right hand of fellowship; we cannot walk boldly into their homes and hearts, as we enter those of other nations. Even the cold and repelling Englishman cannot resist the good-humored American's nonchalant ways; he extends his hospitality half shy, half warmly, as who should say, "I know it's a concession, but I can't help it!" And all other tribes of the earth look kindly upon our merry and brave-hearted Yankees; but John Chinaman holds aloof, repels all our civilities, and resents our *bonhomie* with vicious spite. Neither are we particularly chosen for an object of the malice of these Cousins of the Sun—the "rest of mankind" come in equally to be snubbed and turned out of doors by our refractory neighbors. Who ever heard of a man who had a Chinaman for his intimate friend? The thing is a perfect anomaly!

Just now curiosity is at its culminating point in regard to this nation of small feet, long pigtailed and olive complexions. People are getting up their enthusiasm for a war, and are valorously dilating upon China and the Chinese, and every scrap of news and gossip relating to the Relations of the Moon is raked up to satisfy the greedy palate of the public. We have heard strange legends about these Oriental rascals—of their stately robes of blue and gold—their tortured feet, covered with gilded and embroidered shoes—their fox-like cunning, and the mummeries and ceremonials which they use on all occasions; but as yet these hearsays are but dim and vague, and we are on the look-out for some authentic news. We understand that Frank Leslie, who caters most knowingly for the public taste, has a correspondent *en route* for China. People will welcome his report when it comes, for this is a critical moment in the relations of China and the rest of the world.

They are a thievish nation, with all the rest, these Chinese. For our part, we should not think the sun would be particularly proud of his cousins, unless there is a decided reform in their manners. If you go into that magazine of curiosities, the Patent Office at Washington, you will find, carefully preserved beneath a glass case, a long coil of platted hair, black and coarse, and tied neatly with the smallest imaginable bit of string. The card attached to this trophy announces that it is the hair of a Chinese, shorn from the Oriental head by the wrathful sword of a United States naval officer, who detected Whang in the very act of beating a retreat after having feloniously abstracted something from the ship. Whang, with his prize, literally escaped by the very hair of the head! But it is an open question which the poor Chinese scamp would most have grudged to lose—his life or his beloved tail! How carefully it was platted and braided, how nicely adjusted; there was a pathetic expression in the very piece of string with which it was tied! The pride with which a Chinaman contemplates the size and length of his tail is almost beyond our imagination; and we can fancy how joyously Whang had watched the growing length of this appendage, and how carefully he had braided and combed the wiry

locks, and now to lose it by the infuriated sword of an infidel foreigner, who was no relative at all to the sun!—this was too much! The disgrace of being discovered in the act of purloining other folks' "belongings" was not much—Whang was doubtless used to that; but to lose his cherished tail! We have no authentic record of the fact, but we are as certain as if we had ourselves witnessed it, that Whang committed suicide, unable to enjoy existence without his beloved hair!

But we are straying away from the orthodox course of our subject. We did not intend to expatiate on the roguish propensities of John Chinaman, nor did we desire to preach a sermon on diplomatic politics. Our object was simply to illustrate the gastronomic peculiarities of nations in general, and of the Chinese nation in particular, as their diet comprises a curious compound of *everything*, presented by no other cuisine.

One of their pet dishes, however seems to have several good features about it. It savors of the days when people lived in a more ethereal atmosphere—when kings basked on couches of roseleaves, and queens drank melted pearls, instead of common-place tea and coffee—when poets sat on sunny hills striking their golden lyres, instead of writing spasmodic odes in sultry garrets, and doubtless lived on sunshine and zephyrs, for certainly we never heard of their driving bargains for "porter-house steak" in any of the market-houses of the Old World!

This reminiscence of the golden age is water-lily soup! Why, the very name is romantic. No one could fail of being a poet who was fed on water-lily soup! Just fancy what a crowd of beautiful associations must come swarming into the mind of one who sups from a bowl of water-lily soup! The wind singing among the floating leaves, and stirring the ripples around the waxen petals of the superb blossoms—the graceful cup of this royal lily swinging, like a ship at anchor, on the wave, and the blue sky reflected all around! And mind, it is not the Cleopatra-like flower which the near relatives of the heavenly bodies make into their poetical soup; their souls are too great for such desecrations of nature. They boil up the stems, and thus imbibe sunshine, shower and stream with their daily meals! O ye prosaic, every-day, exceedingly real American nation! take an example from your brethren across the water, and serve up a daily collation of poetry with your bread and butter and tea!

Rice forms a prominent staple of Chinese diet. Day after day, in the growing season, our Chinese friends toil to assist the efforts of nature in producing a giant crop. Up to their knees in water, pouring with sweat, with the whole power of the sun beating on their closely-shaved craniums, they scratch and dig away with exemplary patience, no doubt revelling in anticipation of the feast that is to reward their wearisome labors!

We cannot, however, say much in praise of the young and tender puppies which serve to adorn the hospitable boards of mandarins, and those high in office, whose purses can command this luxury of the season! Dogs are all very well in their place; we admire a white and curly King Charles prodigiously, particularly when led by a blooming young lady, and profess to a certain reverence for a noble, patriarchal-looking Newfoundland. Though by no means partial to the hydrophobia, we always feel a pang of pity and sympathy when we see the scores of canine creatures led by Irish boys to the Pound, and thence to Barren Island—that very Waterloo of dogs! But the idea of fricasseed dog—or dog pie—it is too much for the stomach of Epicurus himself! Who can wonder at the quarrelsome disposition of John Chinaman, when we reflect on the number of vindictive dogs he must necessarily have devoured?

Cats are a no less objectionable item in the Chinese bill of fare. These animals are tenderly nurtured for the market, and much prized among the fashionable restaurants of their country; and rats are hawked about the streets by enterprising young vendors, whose yells almost rival the dissonant music of a Sunday news-boy. Bird's nests, built with a sort of glutinous secretion, are considered delicious morsels, but, as they are comparatively rare, the *canaille* of China can only look on from afar, with watering mouths, while the patrician appetite is being sated with this savory tit-bit. The nests of a certain species of swallow are considered most suited to their tables, and are made into soups, pies, and other compounds, *à la piécère*.

(Concluded on page 195.)



F. THE WHITE YAM OF GUADELOUPE (REDUCED TO A THIRD OF NATURAL SIZE).



G. YAM FROM MARTINIQUE.

LIFE AT THE WATERING-PLACES—OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.—LETTER II.

OCEAN HOUSE, NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 18.

FRIEND LESLIE,—Did you ever chance to peruse a long-ago-written but recently-revived newspaper squib on Barnum's Museum posters, wherein an imaginary "Mr. Mullit" was pledged to undertake all sorts of parts in all sorts of performances—from a "live Injun on slack-wire" to a "laffin' Highena?" I have been involuntarily reminded of it by the Protean abilities of the Gifted Being alluded to in my last, and whose portrait forms a fitting initial to the present letter. He—I beg leave to introduce Mr. Helmsmüller—is the "Mr. Mullit" of Newport—that is to say, of watering-place Newportians. It would be a very difficult task to enumerate his multitudinous avocations. Besides being a musical composer, he plays upon every description of instrument, from a church-organ to a jews-harp, a violin to a penny-trumpet, or small tooth-comb wrapped up in paper. You encounter him—perhaps in the course of the same day—as master of the ceremonies to a *fête champêtre*, private musical instructor to half a score of young ladies, one of the band which plays during the after-dinner promenade at the "Ocean House," and ticket-taker at "a hop" at the "Atlantic" or "Bellevue." He is one of the "Germanians." He writes letters to newspapers. He introduced "the Lancers" to Newport—in itself a sufficient mark of distinction—for I must inform you that the rage for that dance has spread, here, like a prairie-fire, or like the Polka when it first set all Europe toe-and-heeling it and "kicking up behind and before" in a manner which "Old Joe" of Ethiopian celebrity might have despaired of rivalling. Lastly he knows everybody, is always doing or planning something for the amusement of the public, and is, emphatically, one of the heartiest of fellows.

Having conscientiously fulfilled a promise to my readers and discharged a duty to myself, in the above introduction, I can now blaze away promiscuously, premising that Mr. Mullit Helmsmüller may turn up on any unexpected occasion. So here goes for watering-place life generally.

You are probably aware that the natural attractions of Newport—I mean those which haven't been added by man, as big hotels, music, balls and flirtations—centre in surf bathing.



SCENE AT NEWPORT.

tire, you wait till the twelve o'clock red-flag is run up—when they retire.

I must say—even in the columns of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*—that they don't look very picturesque or pretty, when *à la Nautique*. Here's a sketch or two which I made, in corroboration.

Rather limp, sacks tied in the middle, eel-bottles, hydropathic coalheavers and 'longshoremen, and preternaturally dilapidated

prevent any invading force of Britishers from seizing upon Rhode Island, establishing themselves in the "Ocean House" without Mr. Weaver's consent, and insisting on taking baths without paying the proprietors of the sentry-boxes.

It looked exceedingly pretty, did Fort Adams, last Thursday afternoon, at which time I sailed over in company with the band of Germanians. (Mr. Mullit undertook the big drum and cymbals.) When we arrived we found a picnic from the "Fillmore" in full operation. They—the picnic-ians—were dancing (the Lancers, of course), in one of the crypts of the fortifications, a band playing in the next; and very merrily the daintily-shod feet of the ladies tripped over the iron



BATHERS AT NEWPORT.

This is perpetrated, almost exclusively, at a place known as Easton's Beach, a huge cave—or a little bay, just as you like to call it—which Neptune or Nature has obligingly hollowed out for the especial benefit of bathers. (There are, I believe, two or three others, though less eligible.) The accommodations consist of a very long row of sentry boxes (with doors to them), and a series of interminable rolls of the jolliest surf I ever was knocked about by.

If you are social and wish to bathe promiscuously, you put on a dress and go in with the ladies; if you want to cultivate the "fine and froggy art of swimming," unincumbered by at-

Bloomers, would appear to be the ideals aimed at. But it's a lively scene for all that. I can't say that the surf affords you a favorable opportunity for swimming, as each successive wave knocks you over, but that's rather pleasant when you get used to it.

On Monday and Thursday afternoons everybody goes over to Fort Adams to hear the band play. I don't happen to be acquainted with the art of fortification, upon which fact my readers may congratulate themselves, as they, in consequence, escape an



BATHERS AT NEWPORT.

curves of the floor, which whilom supported the grim gun-carriages. In another crypt, under the special jurisdiction of the great Downing—son to the Downing whom the New York Times (if I am not mistaken) denominated "a venerable oysterman" (!)—was a goodly display of long-necked bottles and edibles.

Our band—the Germanians—took up its position on a platform in the centre of the esplanade, and played gloriously till sunset; during which time I amused myself by alternately strolling round the ramparts, and looking at the dancers or



SEASIDE AND SEA-WEED, OFTEN NOTICED AT ALL SEA-SIDE WATERING-PLACES.



PLAYFUL SPORTS OF THE BATHERS AT NEWPORT.

inevitably prosy description of the fort in question. Suffice it to say it's very big and very strong, and I should suppose well calculated to

equestrians. There was a splendid bright green turf for the latter, and the many carriages—perhaps a couple of hundred—driving slowly round with their fair occupants, added interest to the scene. Finally, when they began to defile off, our Germanians, after serenading Colonel Magruder, outside his quarters, were for doing the same. But no! the ladies wanted one more dance—the inevitable Lancers. And another after that, which came off, in an exceedingly picturesque manner, on the

top of the ramparts. Here I had the felicity of beholding the acknowledged belle of Newport, Mrs. D—n, wife of one of our tip-top New York dry goods merchants, and her not less lovely sister, owning the same name, though claiming Natchez, Miss., as her birthplace and residence. I made a sacrilegious attempt to sketch these ladies, but was so exceedingly disgusted at my own miserable failure that I don't forward it.

Returning—the ancient mariner, by the by, in charge of our boat had got disgusted at our delay, and set off without us, so we had to avail ourselves of another and a smaller, wherein we presented a rather jammed-up spectacle—I found that Henry Russell was about to give a concert in Ocean Hall, straightway. So I went to hear him. He set the ship on fire (what a time that ship has been burning, to be sure, I recollect it fifteen years ago, myself), and embalmed his mother's old arm-chair with tears and bedewed it with sighs (I never could exactly make out how this might be accomplished), with his usual ability and success, and everybody was well pleased.

An hour or so later, I was taking a final stroll through the promenade, listening to the band, (playing the Lancers, of course, and Mr. Mullet taking the violin), my thoughts inclining towards a final cocktail and bed, when a friend suggested that we should go and see the Tiger. It sounded mysterious, not to say interesting, so I at once assented.

The Tiger's Den wasn't very far off, but rather snug and secluded. He is a very respectable animal—so I am informed. He is hospitable, too—that I had practical experience of. We didn't attempt to fight him, though his claws are at the service of all comers. One of them is called *Faro*, the other *Boulet*. There might have been half a dozen combatants—scarcely more—in the arena that night. One of them got scratched to that extent that it needed a \$500 note to plaster up his wounds.

I think my letter has grown long enough. So no more at present from

YOUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.

**SIGNORA FREZZOLINI,**  
Prima Donna from the Italian Operas in  
PARIS, LONDON and ST. PETERSBURG,  
Has arrived, and will shortly appear.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1857.

### FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.

THE unprecedented success that has attended Frank Leslie's illustrated publications has induced the issue of a Family Magazine, in which is incorporated the long-established and popular *Gazette of Fashion*. Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine fills a place entirely unoccupied by periodical literature; and not only contains all the best features of the most popular monthlies, but also gives a large supply of useful reading not to be found in any of them; and, in addition, each number will be illustrated in a manner unrivalled in this country. The design is to make it a favorite for the refined social circle, and at the same time give a sufficiency of light reading to render the work popular in the saloon of the steamboat and in the crowded interior of the railroad car. Each number will contain original articles embodying information and amusement, in which will be brought together things most interesting, and for the time being prominently occupying the attention of the public. We would instance, as an example, the article on Havana in the current number, which was written especially for this magazine by a gentleman proverbially known for his acquaintance with Cuba, and for being a long time identified with her leading interests; the illustrations are from drawings of artists of distinguished reputation, but recently returned from Havana to the United States.

It is simply necessary to examine this "Monarch of the Monthlies," to be at once convinced that it is unrivalled in variety of reading matter and artistic adornments. By facilities possessed alone by the publisher, he is enabled to give a better magazine for less money than any others who cater to the public taste in kindred pursuits. In addition to its literary claims and its high artistic merits, this magazine will each month place in the possession of its readers the unrivalled *Frank Leslie's Gazette of Fashion*, which has so long been, without discussion, all over the country, the reliable authority for *modes*. This department, which is really worth more than is charged for the whole work, will contain, as usual, colored plates, representing the latest styles of dress, together with elaborated engravings of all the novelties which are brought out by our best establishments devoted to taste. Altogether, *Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine* will be found something new, and, we believe, it will be greeted with a most cordial welcome by an intelligent and appreciative public.

### CROCODILE TEARS.

OUR city for the last few days, at least that part of it in the vicinity of the City Hall, has been spotted over with unfortunate looking beings, designated by the daily press as "Walker's deserters." They are the individuals who left the "man of destiny" just before it was his destiny to capitulate to the United States officer commanding the St. Mary's. What would have been the result in Walker's fortunes if these men had remained firm is a matter of speculation, but the abandonment of their commander and the cause in which they had embarked, no doubt precipitated the catastrophe that ended in driving the Americans from Central America. The men looked bad enough; a tropical climate, vegetable and fruit diet, swamps for beds, and miasma for atmosphere, did their work, and we had precipitated upon our shores one hundred and fifty yellow, sickly looking ghosts, rather than robust military men. Such is the fate of war; it was not in the cards for these men either to win glory or receive a league of land—we hope they will have better luck next time. The most noticeable thing in connection with these deserters are the editorials that have appeared in most of the papers of this city. Persons at a distance would naturally suppose that our leading journals were edited by a parcel of old grannies, who had a talent for crying, and a mission for groaning. We have had column after column on the sufferings and hardships of these poor men, and their fate has been held up in all sorts of ways as a caution to young men not to go "flibustering," but on the contrary, stay home, eat bread and butter, and never go beyond their mother's apron-strings. To our notion the whole "lamentation" has been particularly disgusting, and we think it a hard case that these men, after having suffered so much in foreign lands,

should come home and be so grossly treated by these "old ladies" in the newspapers. If we understand the spirit that led them to Nicaragua, we feel assured that the lachrymose paragraphs that have been published regarding their sufferings and hardships, will be the severest infliction they have had to bear. We beg these gentlemen to give up boo-hooing about the afflictions of filibusters; rather hold umbrellas over ducks in a spring shower.

### CHINA POISONING THE WORLD.

IT is supposed by some people usually not easily frightened, that the "celestials," finding that the English have destroyed their fleet, and have probably taken possession of Canton, that the said "celestials" will endeavor to seek revenge by poisoning not only the tea they grow for our markets, but that they will go further, and poison our preserved ginger, sweetmeats, chow-chow, marmalade, and everything else that is eaten by the outside barbarians. It is calculated that the destruction of life in this country and England alone from these causes will be fearful, and prove a greater calamity than has visited the two countries in a century. It is supposed it will destroy more Englishmen than fell in the Crimea, and more Americans than have fallen before the combined influences of cholera and yellow fever.

We do not believe that the war with China will increase the use of deleterious drugs in the manufacture of tea. Within the last few years the Chinese, by the aid of English traders, have managed to get the following articles introduced, viz., exhausted tea leaves, leaves of beach, elm, sycamore, horse-chestnut, plane, plum, fancy oak, willow, hawthorn, and sloe; then we have of drugs, Dutch pink, rose pink, indigo, Prussian blue, mineral green, arseniate of copper, verdigris, chromate, and bi-chromate of potash; of woods, turmeric and logwood; of earthen, gypsum, mica, magnesite, clay, and chalk. Then we have the commonest of all adulterations, and the most dangerous withal, catechu, an astringent which gives a roughness to the tongue that is mistaken for strength; in addition then, is the sulphate of iron and green vitriol, that blackens the tea, and deceives the eye as to its real quality. To such an extent has tea "been doctored" in China, for such is the word used for poisoning it, that some English merchants have attempted to evade the English duties by contending it was altogether a "manufactured article."

This kind of poisoning the Chinese will indulge in, war or no war; it pays better to keep the consumers alive, than it would to kill them off. The "celestials," like other folks we could name, possess the love of acquisitiveness to a greater extent than they do revenge, and although they may have a desire to destroy us, they have a greater desire to get our money; so we conclude that they will, in spite of the English war, only put as much poison in our tea as we can stand: if we are destroyed, it will only be by degrees. We are the geese that lay the golden eggs, and killing us off in a "jiffy" won't pay. We shall continue to drink tea with our usual impunity.

### CITY GOSSIP.

WE are never without an excitement in this good city of ours. If we have not a popular murder, a general melee, a civic quarrel and fight, or a bank or railroad defaultation, we have a fashionable "family trouble," an elopement, or worse. Our gossiping circles are never in want of something to discuss. The past week has been a busy one with horrors and rascalities. The city was aroused to excitement by a terrible rumor of the

#### MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

It seems that a Dr. Conover, a dentist of New Jersey, left Newark on the 1st of August, in a sail-boat, intending to be absent a week, on a pleasure excursion. He took his family with him, a lady, and his wife's sister. On arriving at Red Port, on the second evening his wife and a portion of the children went up to the hotel to pass the night, leaving the doctor, the young lady, Margaret Hale, and the rest of the children on the boat. During the night, the doctor was aroused by a noise, and on getting up, found Margaret overboard. He got her on board and restored her. Several days passed; the voyage was continued, and on the 12th they arrived at Shrewsbury. They all remained on board the boat. Margaret went to bed apparently in perfect health; but at midnight she awoke them by asking for a drink—something to clear her mouth out—this was given her, but in a few minutes she sank and died. The doctor and his wife concluded to bury her, temporarily, in the sands, and this was done. The family returned to Newark, and the next day went back to Shrewsbury, with several others, and exhumed the body. The party was observed—comments were made—and a coroner's inquest was the result. The whole affair is, to say the least of it, singular in the extreme. We will not indulge in any remarks upon it, but simply add (and it expresses all we would say) the coroner's verdict:

#### DR. CATLIN AND ANOTHER ROGUES' BABY.

The character of Dr. Catlin is gradually becoming known, and the more it is known the worse it appears. The prosecution of Mrs. Cunningham's celebrated "baby" is not the first affair of the kind in which he has been concerned. A Polish trader and his wife, residing in Brooklyn, had lived for some time on bad terms with each other, on the score, it is said, of their childlessness. The husband was made glad one day, a few years since, while away from the city, by the information that his wife had presented him with a child, he being quite unconscious of any such possibility. However, the child was there; he came and saw it, but in two or three weeks it died. Soon after this his wife left for Europe to visit her friends, having received several hundred dollars from her husband for that purpose. He soon heard from her, that a relation had died leaving her a great deal of money, and begging him to give up his business and come to her at once. He did so, and found her penniless, with no fortune in prospective and himself nearly ruined. They separated. He went into business in England, lost all he had, returned to Brooklyn, and there learned from the true mother of the child the whole infamous fabrication.

Dr. Catlin procured the child from a poor young girl, whom he seduced under the most aggravating circumstances, so that he actually traded with his own flesh and blood. Still another case of infamous seduction and barbarous cruelty is charged against and proved upon him, which is really too horrible to recount. We have said enough to place this man in his true light before the public; we have scarcely ever had to record a case of more various and inhuman villainy, and for the present we leave him to be weighed and judged by the public, who will not fail to give him his due sentence.

#### EMBEZZLEMENT IN HIGH FASHION.

Two weeks ago the "princely bar-tender" at the Howard House was accused of helping himself to an indefinite amount of his employer's money. He had been carrying on the game for two or three years. He was compelled to do this sort of thing, for, you see, his tastes were expensive; he loved women, especially pretty ones; he doted on horses, especially if they were fast ones; and, in short, he had need of money in various ways, and the supply must come from somewhere. His living cost him only about \$20,000 during the time named, which is rather moderate than otherwise for a very fast man. His employer was unreasonable enough to feel annoyed, and so the poor young man has been sent to prison just for taking "what wasn't his'n."

Last week another fast young man was discovered in the person of John M. Lawlor, an entry clerk at the St. Nicholas Hotel. This gentleman also had expensive tastes. He was fond of music, gloried in the opera, and had a special weakness for a fair California widow, boarding at the hotel. He was her constant escort, platonically, of course; and so, between music, love and wine, the young man got bewildered, and believed himself possessed of a capital of twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000) in the hands of Messrs. Treadwell & Acker, and drew it from their keeping in small sums, for which he forgot to give a receipt. This is a clear case of absence of mind, and we trust that widow will be taken into consideration. We none of us know what we might come to if a widow was in the case, and a California widow too. No, no! Messrs. Proprietors, be lenient, be lenient! We cannot afford to lose these fast young men; they are the heavy swells of the road and the sidewalk; what could Broadway do without them?

#### MRS. CUNNINGHAM.

The Surrogate has decided that Mrs. Cunningham was not married to Dr. Burdell. His argument is conclusive, and will probably not be appealed from.

### THREE HOMICIDES.

Three homicides occurred within the short space of twenty-four hours on the 21st and 22d inst. T. R. Nims shot J. H. Wagstaff, a Tomba lawyer, in self-defence, and the unfortunate man died twenty minutes after receiving the wound. James Regan and Peter Virtu, partners in a boot store under the Howard House, quarrelled, when Regan killed Virtu by striking him on the head with a hammer. James Smith was so severely stabbed by two Germans at the corner of Gold and Concord streets, Brooklyn, that his life is despaired of.

### THINGS OPERATIC.

The Academy of Music will positively open on Monday evening, Sept. 7th, with Frezzolini, La Grange and D'Angri as prime donne.

Mr. Stuart has, by the payment of a large bonus to Mr. Wallack, become the lessee of Wallack's Theatre for the ensuing season.

Frezzolini is staying for the present at the Union Place Hotel, and has already received the kind and flattering attentions of many of our leading families. Her story has naturally created a strong interest in her favor, which is already displaying itself in a flattering and agreeable manner.

Madame La Grange and her husband, the Count, are at Newport. La Grange is the observed of all observers.

Thalberg and D'Angri and husband are wandering, "at their own sweet will," upon the rocky shores where the Atlantic wave beats on for ever and for ever.

William Vincent Wallace and his charming wife are at Sharon Springs, where music is forgotten for a while, in the full enjoyment of the beautiful country.

We have not mentioned, among the topics of the week, the approaching completion of the Submarine Telegraph. It is unnecessary, for the great heart of the entire country is beating in almost breathless anxiety for the hoped-for, the prayed-for news—"The telegraphic cable is laid." We wish we could say so now.

### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

#### THE WEDDING DRESS OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

OUR fair readers are naturally interested in everything which relates to marriage, more especially marriage in high life. The wedding of the young Princess Royal of England is the universal topic of conversation, and the interest it excites extends to the minutest details. The following description of the wedding dress is not the least interesting to our lady readers:

The Princess Royal is to be married in a dress of Honiton lace, as was her august mother before her. Those who know the tedious nature of the manufacture will not be surprised to hear that its cost amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds. We are not able to say what is to be the price of the robe now in preparation, but we are happy to be able to speak of its artistic design, which has been approved as well for taste as for patriotism. Its pattern is composed of the national emblems, the rose, the thistle and the shamrock, beautifully interspersed, and producing effects equally light, graceful and elegant. When it is remembered that every bud and flower, spray and twig, are each and all formed by the young lace maker on the pillow resting on her knee, the amount of female labor will appear stupendous. Not the most tiny leaf or the swelling of a single line of meandering stem but has cost so much of human time, which is indeed nothing less than human life. At the same time that this exquisite and elaborate work is progressing, another robe is also engaging the time and thoughts of the Honiton lace-makers. The design for this second piece of gossamer might almost lead to the expectation that it was intended to enwrap the youthful form of a princess's bridesmaid. It is adorned with lilies of the valley, as emblematic in their purity as they are graceful, the delicate hanging bells nestling under the broad leaves, nature herself being the artist, copied with so much skill by the delicate threads, guided by the dexterous fingers. The wedding handkerchief is also in progress. It is composed of a splendid border of the most elaborate workmanship, while in the centre the royal arms of England are copied by the same process, being a perfect marvel in the lace-making art.

#### THE LOVER'S REVENGE; OR, THE ACTRESS.

The delicate coloring of the following story is purely French. Perfect as are the French ladies in *finesse*, one, at least, has found her match in the person of a young Russian nobleman.

The tale goes, then, that Mlle. —, who, while in Russia, had determined not to "make hay while the sun shone," according to the English proverb, but to "use her best shaves while the snow lay," according to the Russian wisdom, had suffered herself to be governed entirely by the ambition of riches during her sojourn at the modern diggings, whither she had gone to search for gold. This disposition of mind always leads people through strange hunting grounds and among wild tribes, and in the way of strange adventures; and Mlle. — fell in with one of these in the shape of a young Russian nobleman, reported to be of boundless wealth, who had but lately come into his property, and who had announced his firm resolve to compress a whole life's enjoyment into the few years' duration of his fortune. Mlle. — has the finest eyes in the world, and it must not create wonder, therefore, if the privilege of constantly contemplating these glorious orbs was considered by the young Russian as the enjoyment to stand first upon the list. Mlle. — agreed to a granting of said privilege *moyennant finance*, as usual, and for a time all went well; but, alas! everything is fragile and brittle in a country where frost reigns with such despotic sway. After awhile, the young nobleman, who had already paid rather dearly for his privilege, began to perceive to his utter amazement, it was shared with Prince P—, an old Czar-us of the capital, who, possessing as much wealth and far more influence, had obtained not only the lady's favor, but, indeed, it may be said, rather a preference. The young man's indignation, however, was well disguised; he withdrew with dignity before his senior, and never, by word or look, sought to annoy the lady during her stay in St. Petersburg. On leaving, however, this city of delights, the lady was both surprised and charmed by a note from her old admirer, who had retired to his estate in order the better to forget, by contemplation of the stars of heaven, the draught of woe he had been made to drink by too long dwelling on those eyes, more glowing still. The letter was wholly in this strain, and terminated with the request, most humbly conveyed, that she would accept the accompanying gift as a *souvenir* of her stay in the Russian capital. The lady flung aside the note and tore open the parcel with impatience. A splendid bracelet of dark blue enamel met her eye—all studded with brilliants, in what seemed to her a rude, uncouth pattern. She packed it up hastily, rejoicing that the forging character of the Russian should have prompted him to this last act of generosity. The bracelet proved to be the finest and most valuable of all the jewels she had received. It was displayed with pride to all her female friends and acquaintances, and much admired and talked of behind the *couloirs*. No opportunity grand enough had, however, occurred for exhibiting it in public, until a few evenings ago, when a high Russian functionary, on the occasion of a farewell entertainment to Prince M—, invited Mlle. — to recite divers portions of her *repertoire*, which had charmed the hearts of all the men in Russia. The lady thought it would be in good taste to seize this very opportunity to show off the magnificence of the Queen of the North, and display the splendid presents she had received from her generous sons. The bracelet in question figured, of course, *en premiere ligne*; and it was with a heart beating with pride that she snapped it on her wrist just before entering the carriage which his excellency had dispatched to convey her to the hotel. Mlle. —, with well studied coquetry, retained her scarf until the moment arrived for the recitation. She then stepped boldly across the room, leaving her scarf upon the chair, and stood before the company, radiant and glittering, covered with diamonds and blooming with beauty and freshness. A murmur of admiration ran through the *salon*, and Mlle. — began the fab of the "Dewy Pigeons" before it had subsided. Presently, however, the smiles and signs she beheld around her began to make her uneasy. Eye-glasses were raised, and the Russian ladies whispered to each other with significant gestures, until the whole of the company, as if with one accord, burst into a convulsive titting, which on the part of the ladies particularly became so uncontrollable that not even fans or pocket-handkerchiefs had power to conceal it. The fable ended thus—the astonishment of the fair recitant may be well imagined. What could there be in her appearance to excite this hilarity? She ran her eye over her costume—all was in perfect order, and her embarrassment became greater still. The kindest-hearted and fairest of the Russian ladies in Paris soon put an end to all her doubts by coming towards her gracefully, and laying her finger on the bracelet, inquired, "Who gave you this jewel?" The young Prince Na—"Ha, my cousin, Orloff—so like one of his mad tricks. Take it off, dear lady, this moment, and wear it no more." The fair actress looked at her in amazement, and her kind informant continued, "The pattern on the enamel is a phrase in Russian characters, and they mean 'I have belonged to old Prince P—.' " The insulted lady colored deeply, burst into tears, and rushed from the room, which the company thought much more amusing than all the fables in the world.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE foreign files by the latest arrivals contain no fresh news from India; but some of the details of the past transactions will be found of interest.

#### THE LAYING OF THE SUBMARINE CABLE.

On Wednesday afternoon, August the 5th, the telegraph squadron—the Niagara, Agamemnon, Susquehanna, Leopard and Cyclops—look their departure from Valentin Bay for Newfoundland, the Niagara leading with the first half of the great cable. The shore end of the cable was landed that afternoon from the Niagara and secured in its proper place by Lord Carlisle, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when the fleet immediately stood out of the bay.

The following is a correct list of the eight steam vessels employed in connection with the laying down of the cable:

1. The U. S. steam frigate Niagara, Captain Hudson, to lay the half of the cable from Ireland.
2. The U. S. steam frigate Susquehanna, Captain Sands, to attend upon the Niagara.
3. The U. S. steamer Arctic, Captain Berryman, to make further soundings on the coast of Newfoundland.
4. The Telegraph Company's steamer Victoria, Captain Snyter, to assist in landing the cable at Newfoundland.
5. H. M. steamer Agamemnon, Captain Noddall, to lay the half of the cable on the American side.
6. H. M. steamer Leopard, Captain Wainwright, to attend upon the Agamemnon.
7. H. M. steamer Cyclops, Captain Dayman, to go ahead of the steamers and keep the course.
8. The steamer Advice, Captain Raymond, to assist in landing the cable at Valentin.

The next account we shall have will in all probability, be from the terminus

on the American shore. What a shout of gladness will go up from millions on both sides of the Atlantic almost at the same moment, when this the greatest work of all time shall have been completed!

**THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF FRANCE IN ENGLAND.**  
These eminent personages arrived at Osborne on the morning of the 6th inst., on a private and friendly visit to her Majesty the Queen of England. The royal personages will, it is understood, confine their visit to the immediate vicinity of Osborne, and that they will not visit the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie will have a rare talk about the "babies;" Prince Albert will play some epic and span, and some compositions of his own to the Emperor, who will duly turn up his nose at them and compliment the composer.

**THE ITALIAN CONSPIRATORS.**  
The trial of the three conspirators accused of an attempt to assassinate the Emperor, took place on the 6th and 7th, and resulted in a verdict of guilty, with extenuating circumstances in favor of Bartolotti and Grilli. The Court sentenced Tibaldi to transportation for life, and Bartolotti and Grilli to fifteen years' imprisonment. The trial excited very little interest.

**AMERICAN HELP TO MEXICO.**  
The Paris correspondent of the London Times, in a letter upon the Spanish-Mexican question, says: "From 40,000 to 50,000 Americans were ready to march into the Mexican Territory as auxiliaries against the Spaniards. If any difficulty on the score of nationality had been raised, they would have assumed the Mexican flag, and enrolled themselves as Mexican citizens or soldiers. The Mexican Government seemed to have no objection to a war with Spain." The same letter says: "It appears that the Spanish Government goes on with its military preparations as if no mediation had been accepted. The effective strength of the army is expected soon to be 120,000 men, and there was rumor in Madrid that the Royal Guard, embodied under the regency of Espartero after the military insurrection of 1841, would soon be re-established."

**SPANISH-MEXICAN QUESTION NOT SETTLED.**  
Writing on the following day, the 6th inst., the same correspondent says: "It is said in official quarters that, contrary to all expectation, the arrangement of the differences existing between the Spanish and Mexican Governments has again been suspended, in consequence of accounts received from Mexico by the last mail. I give the rumor without guaranteeing its accuracy."

**FAIL OF DELHI.**  
In the city the belief in the fall of Delhi seems to have become almost universal. The reports of the capture current previous to the 17th of June have been found to be unquestionably false, but the impression is that the event took place two or three days later, and that although the news had not yet been received by government authorities it had reached the native bankers, and had prompted the purchase of government stock, which they were making at advanced prices, both at Calcutta and Bombay just before the departure of the mails. From India, expectation is now chiefly directed to the railway India and China telegraph, which may be looked for any time between Monday and Tuesday next.

**MAJOR-GENERAL WYNHAM, the hero of Redan, has accepted an important command in India, and will proceed to the East as soon as possible.**

**TROUBLE IN TURKEY.**  
The Porte having refused to amend the late election in Moldavia, the ministers of France, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia have broken off their diplomatic relations with that power.

The Morning Post publishes an article on the present state of affairs at Constantinople, raising out of the question of the Danubian Principalities. "The Porte wishes naturally to have two provinces, which she can control, rather than a new State of sufficient strength to be always troublesome and dangerous, and yet so weak as to be in the predicament of constantly seeking aid from Russia. England spent £80,000,000 and 100,000 lives in the war which began in the rescue of these Danubian Principalities from Russia. Russia advocates the union at all cost of the Principalities. With regard to France, M. Thiers may be acting in error, but he is acting on behalf of a Government, honest in its policy, amenable to reason."

**INCIDENTS IN THE CHINESE WAR—STORMING THE CHINESE FORT.**

The boats' crews and marines have landed and are mounting that steep hill. They have taken the precipitous side, where the fat Chinamen, who had prepared to receive them by the zigzag path, never thought they would come. The Chinese gunners are trying in vain to depress their guns so as to sweep them with grape. Failing that, they are rolling down 32-pound shot upon them, and throwing stink pots, which do not explode, and three-pronged spears. They have not much time for this amusement. Commodore Elliott, with a midship by his side, is running a race with Captain Boyle, who commands the marines, and is nearly up to the embrasures. Captain Boyle fires his revolver at a Chinaman who is trying to fire his matchlock at him. He misses him, for the gallant Captain is too much blown with his race to shoot with accuracy. The Chinaman in return rolls a couple of huge shot down at the Captain, and then takes up a spear of prodigious length and hurls it at the midship. A shot from Commodore Elliott's revolver settles this brave man's career. I saw him afterwards near where he fell, grim and fierce in death. Mixed with the marines, and but little behind the fore rank, climbed the Post Captains and Commanders. We can recognize Corbett, and Forsyth, and Leckie—and by his side Major Kearney, conspicuous by his helmet-shaped pith hat—and Fellows, contending vigorously with the laws of gravitation. Egell is hit; no, he has only slipped while coiling a round shot, and has rolled half way down the hill. He gets up and shakes himself and recommences. Mounting in the same precipitous ascent with quick elastic step, his flag lieutenant, Fowler, by his side, goes the Admiral himself. He went off from the Commodore in his own boat, unobserved by many on board. He has no weapon, not even a walking stick to help him up; yet he outstrikes many of the marines. He goes to see what next is to be done, and we will make haste to join him.

This part of the affair is soon over. The gunners sulkily retire as the storming party arrive; but they fire their guns within fifty yards of their assailants. They walk up the back of the hill, and it requires many shots from the marines to make them retire. The marines fire very badly; running up hill is not a good preparation for rifle shooting at moving objects.

**THE BATTLE OF FATAHAN—ADMIRAL'S FIRING OF THE CHINESE.**  
At the point of the Fatahan Branch which they had now reached there is an island shaped like a leg of mutton, placed lengthwise in the river. The broad part is towards the British boats, and across the knuckle end twenty large junks lie moored to the shore and ground. The consequence of this position is, that to attack them the British boats must pass through one of two passages, both of which narrow to a funnel; and upon that narrow neck of water the whole fire of the twenty junks will be concentrated. One of these funnel passages has been staked and is impassable. The other has not water to carry two boats abreast. At this perilous passage Keppel and his crew now dashed. The three bombboats took the ground in attempting to follow. The base of this triangular island consists of high land which the grounded bombboats could not fire over, so their guns were useless; the apex, or, to use my more familiar illustration, the knuckle part, was low paddy fields, which the junks' guns could not sweep across. It was a position worthy of a Carthaginian—*locus amoenus* indeed.

No sooner did the boats appear in the narrow passage than twenty 32-pounders sent twenty round shot, and a hundred smaller guns sent their full charges of grape and canister at a range of 500 yards right among them. The effect was terrible. Keppel was sounding with the boathook for water for the bombboats, and went back amid the storm to get them up. They start afresh and make another effort to get through. The Commodore pushes on ahead. There was Captain Leckie in his galley, with Major Kearney by his side. There was Captain Holland in the launch of the Calcutta, and Lieutenant Seymour in the barge of the same ship. The Tribune's cutter was in among them. The Hong Kong, who had worked herself up through the mud to within 500 yards of the scene of action, had sent her gig. Perhaps there were others, but amid so much smoke and fire even those who were in it cannot agree as to minute details. If the gunners of the Excellent had been in those Chinese junks, and had worked those 32-pounder guns, they could hardly have thrown the round shot straighter. Keppel's galley, not a large mark, is hit three times in two minutes; a 32-pounder shot strikes Major Kearney in the breast, tearing him to pieces. He must have died without a sensation. Young Barker, a midshipman of the Tribune, who wore upon his finger a ring bequeathed to him by his brother, who was killed at Inkermann, is down, mortally wounded. The Commodore's Coxswain is killed, and every man of his crew is wounded. But the miracle is, not that the men are falling, but that any escape. The God of Battles is there, and wonderful are the instances of His merciful protection. Captain Cochran had the sleeve of his coat torn away by a shot, which leaves him unharmed. A round shot enters the Tribune's boat and passes along her line of keel, from stem to stern, without touching a man. "That was close, Victor," said Keppel to his flag-lieutenant, as a cannon shot passed between their heads.

**MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A RAILOR PRINCE AND THE COMMODORE.**  
Fortunately for himself, Victor (Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, as thorough and unpretending a British seaman as by his name were Drake or Jervis) was leaning forwards and using his handkerchief as a tourniquet to stop the bleeding of a seaman whose hand had just been shot off, otherwise that ball must have taken Victor's head off. At this time the galley was disabled, and she was drifting down under the guns of the junks. Even Keppel saw that it would not do. The matter was, however, settled for him, for the next shot tore away the stern sheets of his galley while he was fortunately standing up with the tiller ropes in his hand. "Seymour, you must take me in," and he stopped the sinking galley into the barge of the Calcutta. All the other occupants of the galley were also removed into the barge, the Commodore, who had been accustomed to be tended by that man, and would not leave his body. With this freight the wreck of the galley drifted with the rising tide up towards the junks.

**THE PURSUIT.**  
This time they find water enough in the narrow passage, and, dashing through the shot, find the enemy aloft and in movement. It has now become a chase. These junks, manned by from sixty to one hundred rowers, go faster than our heavy bombboats can follow. But Shrapnell shell goes faster than even a junk; there are twisters in the creek that are not shown in the charts. Following their windings pursuers and pursued often find themselves in an interval of land between them. They fire at each other from the peninsula, and the guns are so well served, and the shells come so true, that every now and then the crews leap out and the junks are done to, spike the guns and push on. Six miles this hot chase lasts, and there are now but eight junks unengaged; when rounding a sharp point, pursued and pursuers rush almost together into the city of Fatahan.

**THE CHINESE SHOW FIGHT, AND THINK BETTER OF IT.**  
A Chinese town is not seen afar off; the pagoda and the pawnbrokers' warehouses are the only high buildings. Three of the junks escape, the other five are headed and are abandoned. But the braves of Fatahan would think it a shame that their five junks should be taken from under their eyes. They turn out in martial array; they ring bells and beat gongs; they come filing down a fosse, so covered from view that only their waving banners and their brandished swords and shields are visible. "We are terrible; see before us!" they are supposed to sing or cry. Keppel has his own way of settling these matters. He turned his marines out of his boats, drew them up on the margin of the suburb, and poured into the Fatahan militia such a volley of Minie balls that the Chinese army went quickly back up its fosse again. He proposed to land his howitzers and pass the night in the city—a daring scheme, which might have produced a ransom of half a million of dollars or utter destruction, as the fortune of war might incline. A message from the admiral, however, recalled him. He had his five junks towed out before him, and as he left the city he stood up in the stern sheets of his boat and shook his fist good-humoredly, saying, "You rascals, I'll come back again to you soon;" and those extraordinary Chinese, they, too, laughed—a broad, good-humored grin—and so they parted.

**DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE CAPTURED JUNKS.**  
Not a junk was preserved. Their materials are so inflammable that they readily ignite one another, and as we can make no use of them, they were not worth saving at the price of danger to the men. As it was, the shot from their heated guns rushed about in a most unpleasant manner. At sundown the view from the deck of the flagship was a mixture of the grotesque and the sublime. The boats were all adorned with barbaric spoils; banners of every amplitude, some of them adorned with colossal pictures of the fat god Fo, flaunted upon the breeze. Mandarin's coats and mandarin's breeches were freely worn. Commodore Elliott's crew were equipped each with a mandarin's hat and foxes' tails. They had dutifully reserved one for the Commodore, but I must confess I did not see him put it on. Around, far as the eye could reach, following the windings of this mass of creeks, eighty-nine war-junks were smouldering or blazing, and every five minutes an explosion shook the air.

**ITEMS IN BRIEF.**  
A petition, calling on Parliament to send out a much larger military force to India than was contemplated, was receiving numerous signatures in Liverpool.  
It is stated that Mr. Murray, the English Minister, arrived at Teheran on the 7th of June, and was received with the honors agreed upon.  
The weather had been intensely hot in Paris and throughout France, and a serious drought had prevailed. The heat, however, had moderated, and copious rains had fallen.

The London correspondent of the Paris Press says that Ledru Rollin has brought an action against the London Times, for an article alluding to him in connection with the recently discovered conspiracy.  
A dispatch from St. Petersburg says that Schamyl, with the main body of his troops, had been beaten at Isalskaya, leaving four hundred dead on the field, while the Russian loss was only fifty-five killed and wounded.

A dispatch from Berlin, late Bishop of London, died on the 6th inst., from an apoplectic attack.  
A letter from St. Petersburg states that Russia has made an application to the Porte, with a view to such modification of the Treaty of Paris as would enable her to employ a large number of vessels of war to entry on her present operations on the coast of Crete.

The bill authorizing the employment of the militia was read a second time, after a brief debate, in the course of which Lord Punsbury and Duke of Cambridge stated that efforts would be made to induce the requisite number of militiamen to volunteer for the regular army.  
The Minister of War has decided that Kabylia, recently conquered, shall form a new military subdivision.

**POSTSCRIPT.**

**PROGRESS OF LAYING THE CABLE.**

The work of laying down the Atlantic cable is going on as satisfactorily as the best friends of the enterprise could desire. Up to the present time about 300 miles of the cable have been laid. The depth of the water into which it is now being submerged is nearly 2000 fathoms. The laying of the cable from the shallow to the deep water was effected without difficulty.

The following is the latest flash from on board the Niagara:

"All well on board. Moderate westerly wind. All more and more trustful of complete success."

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Lord John Russell had reported, from the Parliamentary Select Committee, that the Jews could not be admitted as members of Parliament, under the existing Act for the modification of oaths.

Lord Palmerston said there was no ground to apprehend any estrangement between France and England on account of the Moldavian difficulties.

A spirited debate had taken place in Parliament in regard to affairs in India. Lord Palmerston stated that thirty thousand troops had been sent out, and that active recruiting was going on. Mr. Disraeli expressed the opinion that the campaign for this year was lost.

A dispatch from Vienna states that the representatives of France, Russia, Prussia and Sardinia have announced in notes, couched in precisely similar terms, the cessation of diplomatic relations with the Porte, and their approaching departure from Constantinople. The Russian Ambassador struck his flag on the 6th inst.

The schooner Jupiter, under American colors, was seized in the Right of Benin, Africa, on the 15th of June, and condemned. She had seventy slaves on board, and there were many more awaiting shipment on the beach. The captain threw the Jupiter's papers overboard.

**NAVY.**

The United States steam frigate Merrimac is now preparing for sea at Boston as the flag ship of the Pacific Squadron. Subjoined is a list of her officers, who have been ordered to report on the 1st of September: Flag officer, John C. Long; commander, R. B. Hitchcock; first lieutenant, Richard Wainwright; second lieutenant, Thomas M. Crossin; third lieutenant, H. N. T. Arnold; fourth lieutenant, W. H. Parker; fifth lieutenant, W. Sharp; sixth lieutenant, R. L. Brewster; fleet surgeon, D. S. Edward; purser, A. A. Belknap; chief engineer, R. H. Long; first assistants, H. D. Hibbert and C. H. Loring.

**APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS.**—First Lieutenant Algernon S. Taylor to be a captain in the marine corps, vice Captain H. B. Tyler, promoted. Second Lieut. Andrew J. Hays to be a first lieutenant in the marine corps, vice Taylor, promoted; and Myron C. Riggs, of Connecticut, to be a second lieutenant in the marine corps, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the promotion of Lieutenant Hays.

**OBITUARY.**

**EX-SENATOR HOPKINS L. TURNER** died very suddenly, of disease of the heart, at Winchester, Tenn., on the 1st inst. He died while in the act of walking from his office to his residence. Mr. Turner was a lawyer and politician of more than ordinary reputation. He has served his district in both branches of the State Legislature, in the U. S. House of Representatives, and represented the State one term in the United States Senate.

**CARL CERNY**, the celebrated composer, of Vienna, died on the 16th of July in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was born on the 21st of February, 1791, in Vienna, in the fashionable Jägerstrasse. His father, a Bohemian by birth, who came to Vienna in 1785, as a music teacher, instructed his son early in his art, and with excellent success. Cerny first appeared as a composer in 1818. He wrote chiefly studies for the piano and arrangements of operatic airs and popular melodies. His music delighted not in originality, but in some of his larger compositions are of high character. He was a most voluminous writer; if the separate pieces were counted they would number several thousand. As a teacher he was pre-eminent. Among his pupils may be mentioned Thalberg, Liszt, Doehler, and a host of other eminent men. Cerny was universally loved and respected, and pianists throughout the world owe to him incalculable benefits.

**DEATH OF EUGENE SUZ.**—This celebrated French novelist died on the 24 inst. His popularity was sudden and wonderful, but the character of his works forbade an immortality. He was born in Paris in 1806. His father was a professor of anatomy, who died several years ago, leaving the son a considerable estate. His mother has since married Dr. Nathaniel Niles, formerly of Boston, and for several years Chargé d'Affaires at Sardinia. She herself studied medicine, and made a number of voyages as naval surgeon. He took up writing as a resource against poverty, and necessity alone revealed to him his true vocation. His imagination was very vivid, but it was morbid and unhealthy, delighting in depicting the most horrible combinations of crime and moral depravity. His power of language was wonderful, and attracted readers in spite of the disgust excited by his plots and characters.

**M. F. A. DELANE, Esq.**, long connected with the management of the London Times, died on the 25th ult., aged sixty-four. The Times says: "As Blucher was the arm, and Gneisenau the head, of the Prussian army, so Delane and Sterling may be said to have been in their day the thought and the articulate voice of the Times."

**BEVERLY ROBINSON, Esq.**, a well-known member of the bar and one of our old citizens, died at his residence, New Brighton, Staten Island, lately, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Mr. Robinson was a grandson of Col. Beverly Robinson, of the British army, in the war of the Revolution.

**FINANCIAL.**

**NEW YORK CITY BANK.**

1857. Loans. Specie. Circulation. Deposits.

Aug. 1 ..... \$120,507,050 \$12,918,013 \$8,685,422 \$68,682,089

Aug. 8 ..... 122,077,252 11,737,367 8,981,740 67,872,940

Aug. 15 ..... 121,241,472 11,360,648 8,789,012 66,814,981

The last returns compared with those of the previous week, exhibit the following variations in the aggregate:

Decrease in loans and discounts ..... \$855,780

Decrease in specie ..... 376,723

Decrease in circulation ..... 201,728

Decrease in deposits ..... 644,009

The enclosed statement exhibits the value of foreign dry goods imported into this port during the week, and since Jan. 1 in each of the past three years.

**MOVEMENTS IN FOREIGN DRY GOODS.**

For the Week. 1855. 1856. 1857.

Entered at the port ..... \$2,116,041 \$4,527,506 \$2,519,758

Thrown on market ..... 2,326,229 2,681,477 2,681,648

Since Jan. 1. 1855. 1856. 1857.

Entered at the port ..... \$18,564,871 \$27,058,554 \$12,653,010

Thrown on market ..... 40,722,441 66,591,982 50,073,792

**MUSIC.**

**FREZZOLINI** has arrived, and is resting after the fatigues of a sea voyage, and recuperating her strength for her coming trial before an American audience. She is hopeful of the result, and feels a quiet confidence that she will gain on her side the sympathies of the people. We have little doubt that she will win the instant favor of the public. All accounts coincide in awarding her earnestness, passion and dramatic power, together with a voice of pure, rich and sonorous quality, and a personal appearance that commands and retains admiration. We speak only from report, or rather from European critical judgment, and while we do not yield up our opinion to another's keeping, we have not a doubt but that signora Fressolini will prove in every way up to the standard of her reputation. Indeed we are inclined to think that the excitement of a new audience will cause her to excel all her previous efforts, for it matters not how great a success the reputation already achieved, a reputation has still to be made which shall be the opinion of America. This has to be striven for, and we are satisfied that Fressolini will not be lacking in the energy and ambition to achieve it. We expect to date a new era from the advent of this celebrated artist.

Maurice Strakosch has passed safely through a severe and dangerous sickness. It is somewhat singular that, although his sickness was in no way infectious, being only the severe form of intermittent fever, his fair and mable wife was seized with the same symptoms the next day after he was attacked, and is but now convalescing with him. Who shall limit the power of sympathy in kindred natures? Its working is indeed mysterious and inexplicable, even by the aid of science. The invalids are, we are happy to say, fast progressing towards health, and a few days more will enable Strakosch to attend to his important business at the Academy of Music, and we may expect to hear the trumpet sounds of announcement before the 1st of September.

Mrs. Juliana May will arrive in a few days. There is already much excitement in our musical circles respecting her, for her reputation abroad has travelled here, and much expectation has been raised. Our portrait this week of Mrs. May will certainly create the excitement, and maintain it to curiosity point until her appearance, when there will be a Fifth Avenue sensation, for Mrs. May belongs to one of the first and most intelligent families in the country, and has hosts of influential friends. We confess that we ourselves are curious to see and hear her.

**SECOND-RATE MUSICAL MATTERS.**—There is what is called a sort of one-horse opera at a play-house up town, got up on the strength of the personal attractions of the imperial and imperious signora Vestrali. These attractions are indisputable, but they are hardly calculated to sustain an opera. Exquisite pedicels for a splendid bust and queenly head are things of beauty and a joy for ever, but they do not make an entire opera. But even were Felicitas as glorious as an artist, she is as a woman, her surroundings are so exceedingly indifferent, with one or two exceptions, that her efforts would all be thrown away. This opera is a sorry affair, a very sorry affair indeed, and all that it has afforded us is a knowledge of the meaning of that expression—one-horse—in all its orality and intensity. Yes! in every sense of that remarkable saying, this is a one-horse opera. We did hope that the portly and comic proprietor of the establishment would have under taken the baritone part in the opera, for he has a lovely voice, and his style as evinced in his charming rendering of that famous Italian air, "Villikies son Dinah," is unexceptionable. I would it were saved the salary of an extra and certainly, under the circumstances, unnecessary singer. But every one knows, or should know, his own business best.

**THE GREAT PANJANDRUM AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—It is not our intention to explain what a Panjandrum is, but we are certain, from the bombast, the gas, the fuss and feathers, exhibited in the announcements about the "Choral Opera," that the great Panjandrum must have been at the Academy of Music—may we almost aver that we saw not only the "little round button at top," but the "gunpowder running out of the heels of his boots"? We love to see an undertaking well carried out, and in this case Messrs. Stuart & Bourcault have exceeded our utmost expectations. They commenced by displaying the large Spanish cloak which covered their nakedness, and then strutted and paraded abroad as though they had a brand-new suit underneath. "Fine words butter no parsnips," says an old proverb, and its wisdom is vindicated in this instance, for the finest of words were lavished upon the "Choral Opera," but the people—parnips—were not willing to be fattured, so the great Panjandrum blazed up, faded, and disappeared.

**LITERATURE.**

**MORMONISM: ITS LEADERS AND DOCTRINES.** By JOHN HYDE, JUN.

New York: W. L. Feltz & Co., 281 Broadway.

The writer of this book was one of the many deluded victims of a shameless imposture picked up in England by the missionary elders appointed to gain converts. In England men and women did not yield themselves blindly to the delusion at first, for the question as to Polygamy started and disgusted them, and inquiries were instituted. The missionaries publicly and solemnly denied that any such practice was among them. These solemn assurances, backed apparently by documentary evidence, set this doubt at rest, and the nibbling fish was hooked and bagged. Young Hyde entered upon his new duties with enthusiasm; he was evidently a shining star among them, for at the early age of eighteen he was licensed to preach the Mormon doctrines, and five years later received an elder's certificate. He had not long been inducted into the mysteries of Mormonism before his intelligence and moral sentiments revolted at the shameful vice, the unblushing licentiousness, and the festering corruption, mentally, morally, and physically exhibited by the Mormons and the Mormons. He saw that this monstrous organization, that it was blasphemous to call religion, had really but two objects in view—baited to the Government of the United States, and the constitution of the power, in a few hands, of gratifying an insatiable and beastly licentiousness. The author was one of the God-forsaken crew, and high among the highest. His opportunities of becoming acquainted with the "inner life" of Mormonism were extensive, and sanctioned by his position, and we are inclined to receive his accounts not only with respect but with credence. The tone of his work is calm and deliberate; we find no evidence of intemperate anger or personal pique, but, on the contrary, plain statements, natural deductions, and an endeavor to present all that can be found favorable in this hideous experience on the fair name of our beloved Republic. Mr. Hyde has not aimed at brilliant writing, he has been content with a plain statement of facts, conclusions that an educated style, no flowery metaphors, could add one jot of horror to the fearful picture which the reality presents. A careful reading of this most interesting work will show that we claim no more for the author than he deserves.

The subjects discussed by Mr. Hyde are Salt Lake City, socially, morally, politically, commercially, agriculturally, &c.; practical polygamy; Mormon mysteries; education; Brigham Young at home; Brigham the prophet; chronological history of Mormonism; analysis of internal evidences of Book of Mormon; real origin of Book of Mormon; theoretical polygamy; the suppression of Mormonism; letters addressed to Brigham Young. The subject is largely and fully considered, and we sincerely believe that Mr. Hyde's able, temperate, and fearless book has dealt the most terrible blow aimed at Mormonism, blasphemy, licentiousness, hypocrisy, and crime that has yet been dealt. We commend this book very warmly to all interested in the subject. Feltz & Co. have brought it out with care.

**FLORAL HOME; OR, FIRST YEARS OF MINNESOTA.** By HARRIET E. BISHOP.

New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., No. 115 Nassau street.

No portion of our country is more interesting at the present time than this of which our author treats. It is a country of promise to which thou and are bending their steps, to build up homes for future generations. The early history of Minnesota Territory, containing the few facts which are known, is gracefully given by Miss Bishop, who has brought the record down to the present day. The difficulties and dangers of the early settlers, their faith, their courage, and their endurance, and the final results of all these are themes upon which the author dwells both lovingly and eloquently. She sets out, too, how important a part woman has played in the history as well as the success of these early and so long deferred, but so rarely written. Among the noble facts, which are so well understood, but so rarely written. Among the many of strong and present interest in this volume, not the least among them is the fact that the author's projects, established, and taught the first Sunday school in St. Paul, Minnesota. We have read "Floral Home" with much pleasure, and our readers will find it both amusing and instructive. It contains many portraits and sketches of scenery. The religious tone of the work is earnest and active, and the great amount of information upon religious matters appertaining to the Territory will prove highly interesting to many. We can recommend the work. It is well produced by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

**THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON.**—A large pamphlet has been sent to us, called "A New Phase in the Iron Manufacture." It is issued by the "New York Wire Railing Company," of which John B. Wickersham, Esq., is the superintendent, and contains, besides a great amount of information respecting iron, its history, commercial value, inventions and improvements, an illustrated catalogue of the countless useful and beautiful things manufactured by this company. A hundred things are now made from iron wire, of which two-thirds of the people know nothing, and this branch of manufacture is assuming an importance equal to the perfection to which it is now brought. Those who do not know the numberless things which are now made by this means, both in articles of necessity and in ornamental art, should either procure one of these catalogues, or visit the warehouse, 312 Broadway. We can promise all such an hour or two of rare enjoyment.

We have received from Leonard, Scott & Co. the WHITINGHAM REVIEW for the past month. It is a fine number, containing, among other things, an elaborate article upon the "Manifest Destiny of the American Union," and a scholarly and deeply interesting article upon the "Fonnets" of Shakespeare. We are inclined to think that the author has fully established that long-disputed point as to whom these sonnets were dedicated. It is an article which will be read with much enjoyment by those interested in literary matters. The whole number is very attractive.

# THE WAY NEW YORK CITY OBTAINS THE "FOREIGN NEWS."

## HOW THE FOREIGN NEWS COMES TO NEW YORK CITY FROM SANDY HOOK, BY THE AIR

The subject just now attracting the most attention in the American public mind is the telegraph. The excitement which has existed as to the success of the great and sublime attempt to annihilate space and time between Europe and America, has been almost painful, and people have vibrated between hope and fear, indulging in the thoughts of a successful issue, while at the same time they tremble lest they may be disappointed. While magnificent projects have been ripening into perfection, it is well to go back a few years, and mark the progress which has been made in the facilities for gathering and transmitting news, and also to review, in a hasty manner at least, the conveniences which for a half century or more were deemed quite efficient for these important purposes. Governments, with all their wealth and command of mind, have ever been behind individual enterprise in the speedy transmission of information, and among the people, the hearty rivalry of the newspaper press has even distanced the acquisitive spirit of the mercantile community.



SIGNAL TELEGRAPH.

In fact, it is newspaper enterprise that has inaugurated the telegraph system; it was not until the papers created a demand for general information, and editorial genius had flashed its lightnings across the stagnant horizon of the civilized world, that its vast mind woke up, and craved something more stimulating than the food which had satisfied our fathers, who, compared with the living of the present times, seem to have been in a mere wakeful sleep.

Telegraphs of some kind were coeval with the race, and it is probable that the enlightened nations of antiquity had inventions quite equal to anything possessed by the moderns, until the wings of the electric fluid were enchained for our purposes. The first description of a telegraph which admitted of any universal adaptation for useful labor, was given by Dr. Hooke in the year 1684. The method which he proposed, for it was not deemed important enough to be carried into effect, consisted of squares, triangles and circles, made of wood, which were to be used to represent letters or words, and their shapes were to be repeated at night from illuminated transparent screens.

Thirty years later, other important inventions were announced, the practicability and usefulness of which were made public; but it was not until 1794 that these different inventions were put to

neighboring schools. Claude, in one seminary, fitted up a wooden plane, working on a point, at either end of which were small wings. He procured one hundred and ninety-two movements by these operations, representing letters or signs, all distinctly visible at a great distance by means of a good telescope; he informed his brothers of his plans, gave them the keys to the combinations, and thus established a regular correspondence.

In 1803 the French erected *semaphores* along their whole line of coast, formed of an upright post, carrying two and sometimes three pieces of wood, each turning on its own pivot, one above the other. In 1807 Capt. Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, improved, as he thought, on the French system; ten years later the English Admiralty adopted Sir Home Popham's plan, which simplified the process, for instead of the shutter telegraph, he introduced the "pivot," which is familiar to all of our readers who have at any time been on the sea coast at the entrance of our harbors. The arms of the indicator are made of wood, formed and paneled for the sake of lightness, and are fixed on each side of the posts, and

counterpoised by weights or by light frames of ironwork, which, at a little distance, are quite invisible. Motion is communicated to the arms by means of an endless chain passing over two pulleys, one fixed to the arm itself, and the other on a pivot fixed to the lower part of the post, within reach of the signal man. The

pulleys are of the same size and worked with great care, so that the arms can be set with great exactness; and the required positions are pointed out by a dial-plate, the index of which is moved by a lever attached to the lower pulley.

The want of space makes a more detailed description impossible; but it may be interesting to those unacquainted with the workings of the optical telegraph to know, that by the movements of the arms of the pivot telegraph, given in our illustration, thirteen thousand words or sentences can be given.

In order to adopt this method for night signals, a lantern is fixed to the central post and on the end of each of the arms. It has been found from experience, that the length of the arm should be one foot for each inch of distance, and the width of the arm should be one-sixth of its length.

To give the reader an idea of the telegraphic facilities possessed by the citizens of New York, to obtain foreign news, it is necessary to know, that from the Highlands to the Narrows is nearly twelve miles, from the Narrows to the Merchants' Exchange is eight miles. The Highlands have an elevation of about one hundred and twenty feet, and with a powerful telescope a vessel may be seen in the offing at the distance of thirty miles. If the weather is perfectly clear, and everybody at their stations, a ship from the extremest point discernible at sea can be signalled at the Merchants' Exchange in Wall street, a distance of fifty miles, in five minutes. This is done entirely by the old-fashioned "semaphore."

The semaphore was erected at the Narrows and on the Highlands about the year 1815, and the one in New York was placed first in the Battery, then on the top of the old Merchants' Exchange, when that building was burnt, it was erected on "Holt's," now the United States Hotel, and, finally, back again to that incomprehensible piece of architecture, known at present as the Merchants' Exchange.

An amusing story is told of an old sea captain who, soon after the establishment of the signal telegraph, was informed that a vessel he had an interest in was at the Narrows.

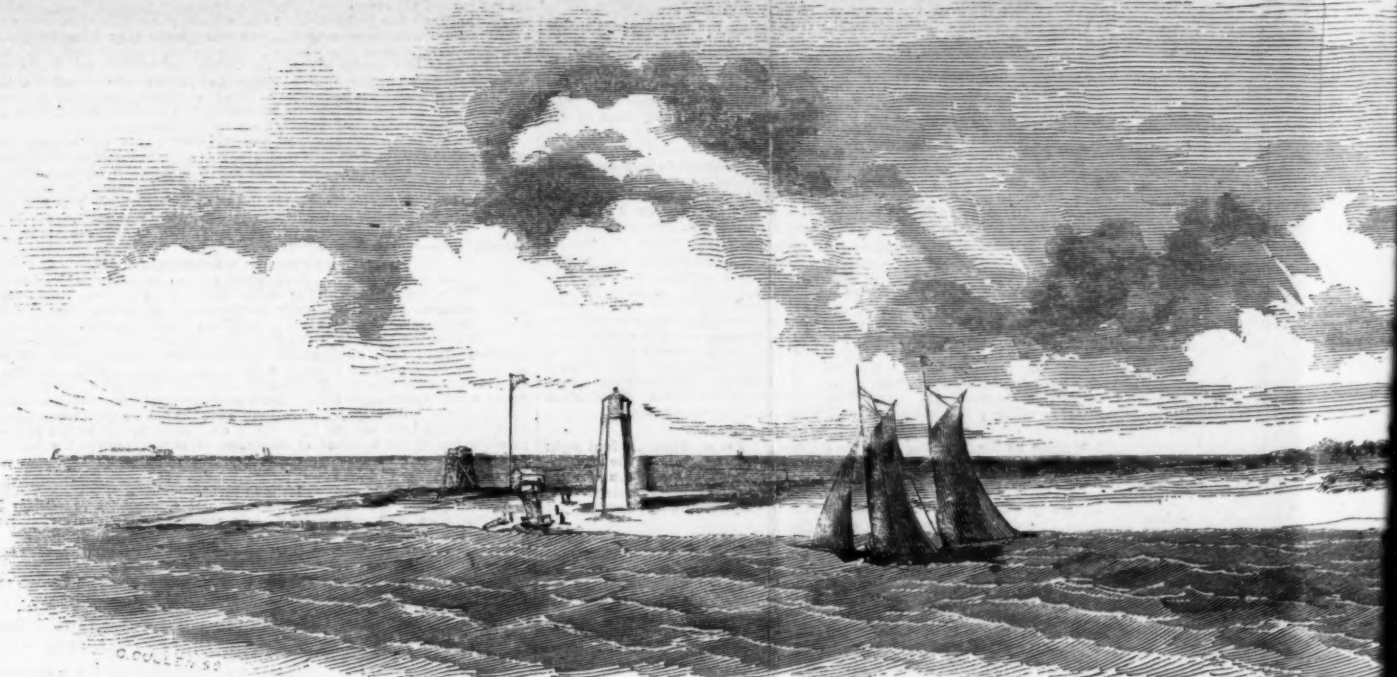
"How do you know it is at the Narrows?" he doubtfully inquired.

"Because," said his informant, "the news came up by the semaphore."

"May the devil take the semaphore for a ghost, then," replied the indignant son of Neptune, "for the devil a bit of a ship of that name can I find in the harbor."

On the highest pigeon-loft in this wilderness of inconvenient rooms and dark halls, away up on the top, on the level which the crow flies, is to be found Mr. Leggett, who has had charge of the signal telegraph of New York city beyond the memory of most men to the contrary. He believes exclusively in their use, and looks upon all magnetic inventions as humbugs and devices of the enemy.

According to his theory, the signal telegraph is the greatest institution of the age, and beyond its capacity merchants and business men should never aspire. He finds that in the creation of the world, the Lord made the Highlands and the Narrows and Manhattan Island, and placed them at convenient distances for the especial purpose of telegraphic stations, and that it was ordained from the beginning that they should be erected at the commencement of the nineteenth century, and from that time forward, and for ever, should be duly and conscientiously at-



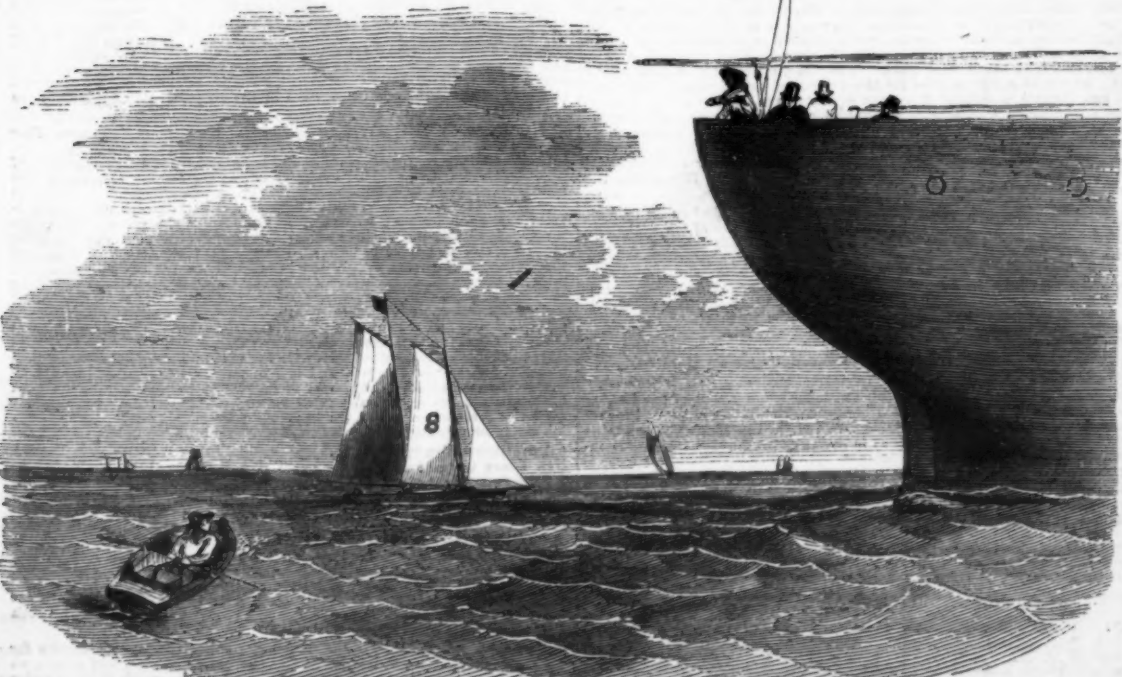
VIEW OF SANDY HOOK, ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK, SHOWING



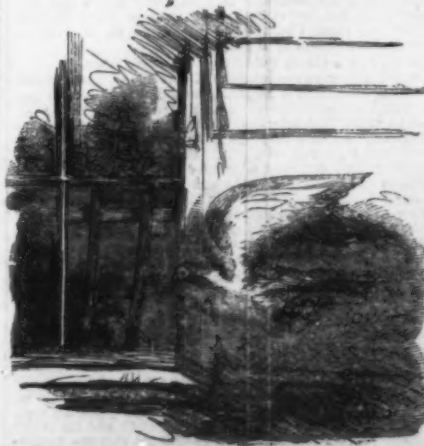
INSIDE OF THE PIGEON-HOUSE ATTACHED TO THE TELEGRAPH STATION, SANDY HOOK.



THE "HERMIT" TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AT SANDY HOOK.

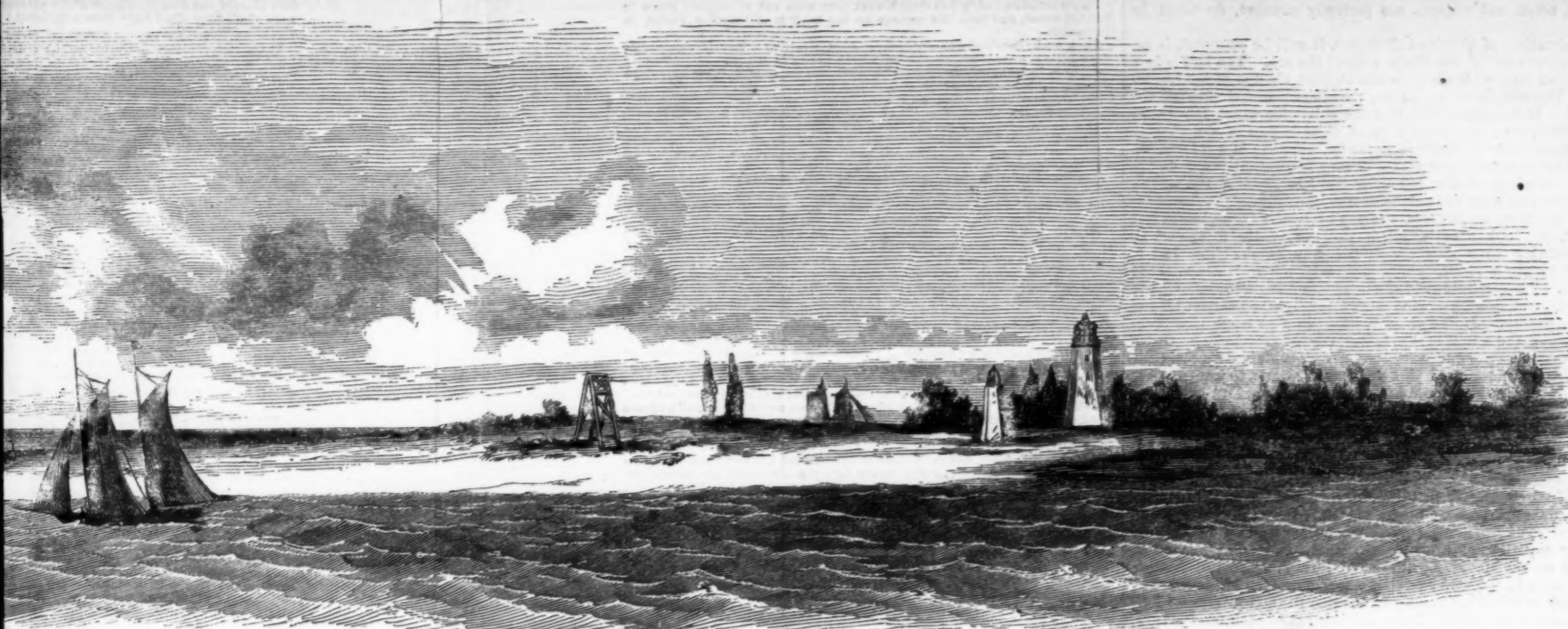


THROWING THE NEWS BOX FROM THE DECK OF THE STEAMER AT SEA.



PIGEON RETURNING WITH THE NEWS TO SANDY HOOK.

YORK CITY FROM SANDY HOOK, BY THE AID OF THE SIGNAL, THE MARINE, AND THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPHS.



VIEW OF SANDY HOOK, ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK, SHOWING LIGHTHOUSES AND TELEGRAPH STATION.

and worked with great care, so that the arms can be set in the required positions are pointed out by a dial-plate, by a lever attached to the lower pulley.

A more detailed description impossible; but it may be inferred from the workings of the arm, that by the movements of the dial-plate, given in our illustration, thirteen thousand words or sentences can be given. In order to adopt this method for night signals, a lantern is fixed to the central post and on the end of each of the arms. It has been found from experience, that the length of the arm should be one foot for each inch of distance, and the width of the arm should be one-sixth of its length.

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An old sea captain who, soon after the establishment was informed that a vessel he had an interest in the Narrows?" he doubtfully inquired.

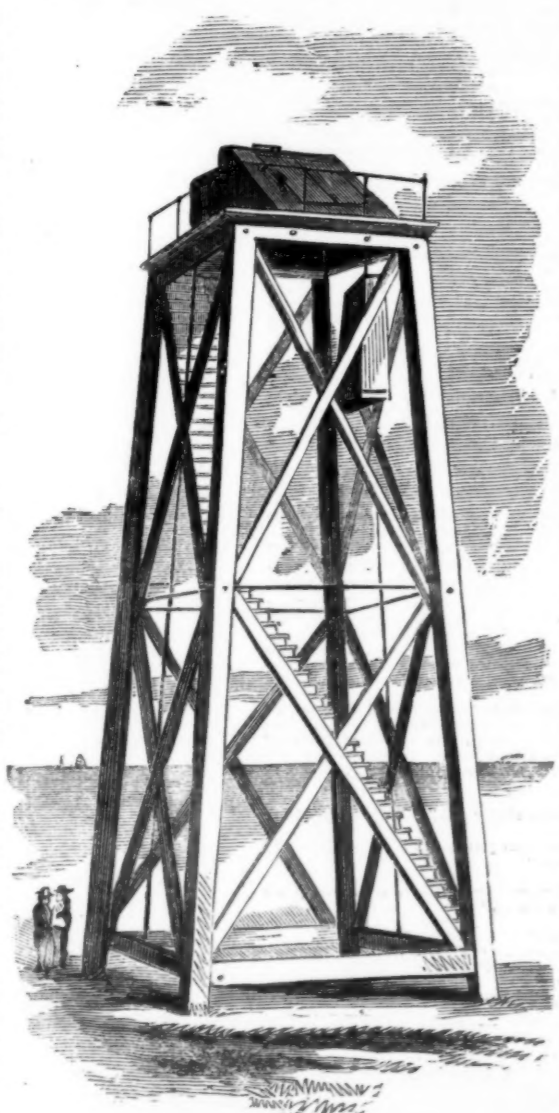
"The news came up by the semaphore," he said, "the news came up by the semaphore." "A semaphore for a ghost, then," replied the indignant captain, "a bit of a ship of that name can I find in this wilderness of inconvenient rooms and

on the level which the crow flies, is to be in charge of the signal telegraph of New York most men to the contrary. He believes exclusively upon all magnetic inventions as humbugs and devices of the enemy. According to his theory, the signal telegraph is the greatest institution of the age, and beyond its capacity merchants and business men should never aspire. He finds that in the creation of the world, the Lord made the Highlands and the Narrows and Manhattan Island, and placed them at convenient distances for the especial purpose of telegraphic stations, and that it was ordained from the beginning that they should be erected at the commencement of the nineteenth century, and from that time forward, and for ever, should be duly and conscientiously at-

tended by him. He groans at the very idea of the ocean telegraph, and we verily believe that if the steamships Agamemnon and Niagara were suddenly to make their appearance off Sandy Hook, that the old gentleman would go into an "asterix" from horror and indignation; yet he would, from mere force of habit, instantly report them on "Change, as being



STARTING A PIGEON EXPRESS AT S.F.A.



FOG-BELL AND TOWER AT SANDY HOOK.

"below." The first reporter of news by marine arrival at the port of New York was the late Joseph Lang, editor and proprietor of the old *Gazette*, who, with his favorite slave Cuffy, occasionally for health and exercise, went "boating" down the harbor. While thus innocently engaged, if a ship happened to pass by, Mr. Lang, if the weather permitted, would "hail," inquire "where from," the captain's name, "number of days out," names of some of the passengers, and other gossiping particulars. Turning the bow of his little craft homeward, he would land at Whitehall, step into his office, write out the "startling news" he had thus "from superior enterprise obtained;" and its appearance in the morning would create a buzz of surprise among fifteen or twenty people, not because it was "fast," but because Mr. Lang didn't wait until the ship was fairly tied up at Peck ship before he announced her arrival at all. Mr. Lang was also famous for writing, in the course of many years of editorial labors, a single "leader." He indulged one morning in a walk into the country, and got as far into the interior of the Continent as the present vicinity of Union square. The spring "was late," and Mr. Lang happily discovered

"A blue jay sitting on a limb; He winked at the blue jay, And the blue jay winked at him."

whereupon Mr. Lang entered his editorial sanctum, and wrote his famous and well-remembered paragraph on the "azure bird," whose welcome presence indicated the disappearance of winter, and the rapid growth of succulent vegetables.

The "enterprise," accidental or otherwise, of the *Gazette* inspired the *Daily Advertiser*, and it "farmed" a boat for the express purpose of collecting news. At once an earnest opposition between the two papers sprung up, which was continued

for a number of years, under the superintendence, at different periods, of John McPherson, Charles Magnes, Richard C. McCormick, Edward De Groves, James Harley, and others. At this time (1831) the *New York Enquirer*, the *Morning Courier*, and the *Journal of Commerce*, the two former merging into one paper



THE TELEGRAPH STATION, SANDY HOOK.

under the control of Major Noah and Col. Webb, and the latter for Arthur Tappan under David Hale, caused a more expensive if not a more efficient system to be adopted. Large schooners were employed, which cruised from fifty to a hundred miles at sea, for the purpose of intercepting vessels arriving from Europe.

one boat, twenty-one feet long, with Robert S. Martin as reporter, and two men for the crew; and yet, in another sense, the fleet existed, for, owing to the liberal manner the *Herald* paid the pilots for any information in advance of contemporaries, they were all in the paper's service, and would frequently return from

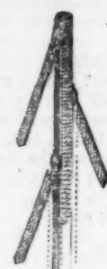


OPERATING ROOM, INTERIOR OF THE TELEGRAPH STATION.

The *Courier and Enquirer* had in their employ the schooners Thomas H. Smith and Eclipse, afterwards a large vessel built at Baltimore expressly for its use, called the *Courier and Enquirer*. These vessels were commanded by Captains William Lowber and Edward De Grove. The *Journal of Commerce* had the schooners *Journal of Commerce* and the *Evening Edition*, Abraham Bancher and James Hurley, Captains. Within our recollection we have seen the five boats loaded down with sail in full pursuit of one ship. On such occasions the passengers of a crowded merchant vessel would soon enter into the sport and line the sides of the ship, the more adventurous climbing the rigging. Like vast seagulls these news boats would dash over the dark blue waves, and when they struck the wooden walls of the ship, the crashing of spars and the snapping of ropes mingled with the exultant cheers of the multitudes who witnessed the reckless pursuit, and admired the daring displayed. As an indication of the immense expense attending this service, it is only necessary to mention that the *Courier and Enquirer*, in the years 1832 and 1833, paid upwards of forty thousand dollars to support this single branch of news reporting for their establishment.

Peace having finally been declared among the rival journals, the number of news vessels was reduced, and this continued for some time, when somewhere about the year 1834, the old system of small boats exclusively was adopted, owing in part to the previous immense expense, and also the introduction of steam. The *Commercial Advertiser*, during most of this time, had its own boat and reporter, and was often as early with the news as its more energetic contemporaries.

A new era now commenced. The *New York Herald* having become "an institution," the procurement of early foreign and marine intelligence was entered into with spirit by its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett. To accomplish his objects, he held out unequalled inducements in the shape of monetary remuneration, laying it down as a rule of action that he would pay more than anybody else. The result of this liberal policy was the main cause of the great success of his paper. We remember seeing in the *Herald*, some years ago, woodcuts representing the "fleet of news yachts of the *New York Herald*," conveying the impression that that journal had in its employ some eight or ten clipper-built schooners. This, strictly speaking, was not true, for the whole actual fleet of the *Herald* at that time consisted of



SIGNAL TELEGRAPH.

sea to New York, and take what information they had gathered to the *Herald* office.

One of Bennett's standing rules was to this effect. A boat, with five pilots on board, would leave the city on a cruise of business. The first vessel boarded might bring one or ten days later news from Europe. The remaining four pilots would then put back to the city, send the news they had obtained to the *Herald* office exclusively, for which each would receive the pay of bringing four first-class vessels into port, a sum varying from four to five hundred dollars.

The success of the *Herald* was often the cause of curious incidents. On one occasion the news by the ship *St. Patrick*, from Liverpool, was brought to the *Herald* office on a Saturday night. It was, of course, carefully "nursed" during Sunday, there being then no Sunday edition. On the following Monday, among other news, was the great speech of Daniel O'Connell on the Emancipation bill. The "respectable sixpennys of Wall street" pronounced the speech a fabrication, some saying that Bennett spent the Sabbath in writing it—others would not give him the credit for having the talent to write so well—while others, equally erudite, thought they could discover the peculiar mental characteristics of "Uncle Billy Attree," so it was pronounced the joint production of both. In course of the week, extracts from private letters which were brought by the *St. Patrick* confirmed the authenticity of the speech published in the *Herald*, and the rival press had to "own up" and publish in their columns the speech entire.

It was quite common, if Bennett got early news and had it printed before the hour of publication, to lock compositors and even the pilots in his office. If the rumor got out that something "in advance" was to be in the *Herald*, the reporters of other papers would be early on the corner for a copy. On one occasion, at least, Bennett issued a few copies of the *Herald* without the news; this quieted the press, and then when the suspicion had ceased that he had anything exclusive, he rushed out his paper and carried the city by storm. Bennett, by entirely securing to himself the services of the pilots, was for many years unrivalled, and so liberal was he in his pay, that this body of men still hold him in the highest estimation, and will serve him whenever an opportunity occurs.

About the year 1838, the pioneer steamship *Sirius*, Captain Roberts, arrived at New York; she was followed shortly afterwards by the *Great Western*, Captain Hoekins, then by the *British Queen*, Sarah Sands, and the American steamers *Washington* and *Hermann*. Steamships being inaugurated, it changed the character of obtaining information. At this time, Moses Y. Beach, of the *New York Sun*, would frequently charter a steamboat and intercept the steamships for the sake of procuring news for his paper. This was attended at so large an expense, and was so often unsuccessful, that it was finally abandoned.

In 1847 an association was entered into by the *Journal of Commerce*, *Courier and Enquirer*, *Express*, *Sun*, and *Herald*, for the purpose of procuring shipping and foreign news, and the association bought for that purpose, at an eastern port, a large first-class steamboat, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars; Capt. Abraham Bancher was appointed commander. After six months' trial she was abandoned, the speed of the steamships being as great as the *Naushou*, or *Newsboy*, as she was generally called.

This association, originally represented by five papers, now includes eleven, viz., the *Courier and Enquirer*, the *Express*, *Sun*, *Post*, *Advertiser*, *Herald*, *Times*, *Journal of Commerce*, *News*, *Tribune*, and the *Staats Zeitung*, and have a fleet of six news boats and fifteen men constantly employed—the whole under the efficient superintendence of Capt. John Hall, who has associated with him men to carry out the designs of the association, who have grown gray in the service.

A person who hears much of the grandeur of the great metropolis of America, would suppose that the facilities at the mouth of its harbor for gathering news would not only be complete, but that the resident agent employed would be respectfully and comfortably housed. But such, unfortunately, is not the case. The telegraph station is a hovel, which threatens to blow down in every storm. The telegraph company which put up the line from Sandy Hook to New York, "by the way of the Jerseys," is bankrupt; and so little interest is taken in the matter, that when the wire which crossed the Hudson at Fort Lee broke, it was never mended, and the messages which come by this line are stopped at Jersey City, and have to be propelled the rest of the way by skiff or ferry-boat, as was the fashion in the days of Walter Van Twiller, the first Governor of New Amsterdam.

Sandy Hook is a low sandy beach, about six miles long and a half mile wide, situated at the entrance of New York Bay; it is under the State jurisdiction of New Jersey. As may be supposed, it is as barren as Sahara, save and except that its surface is here and there broken by tough, useless shrubs, that seem to have no use except to cajole the imagination into an idea of vegetation. The "Hook," however, has an important use; it is a sand bar that acts as a break-water of the stormy Atlantic, and consequently adds materially to the safety and glory of New York harbor.

A casual glance at our picture will give the reader an idea of the physical features of Sandy Hook. On the left is the fog-bell tower; adjoining is the telegraph station, easily distinguished by the flagstaff. It will be noticed that there are three light-houses. At first glance this would seem a wasteful outlay of money, but they are all necessary for the purpose of navigation. When the pilot is bringing a ship into the harbor he turns the bow of the vessel so that he brings these several light-houses in a direct line. This point maintained will bring him safely into port.

We have already incidentally alluded to the wretched appearance of the light-house station; our engraving, more than words, will convey an idea of its style and architecture. It is one of those buildings that seem natural to all sea-beaches, made of wood picked up from all parts of the world, and thrown upon the beach by the sea. There is never much taste displayed about the houses occupied by "men that go down to the sea in ships," but there is a great deal of comfort considering the surrounding appliances.

On the right-hand side of the building, second story, is an addition to the original design, marked by a single window; this is the pigeon-house, the interior of which is given on the left side of the page. These innocent birds are most happily situated, for they are not only enabled to pay for their living by being employed in a useful purpose, but they serve to enliven the utter desolation of the island, and are treated as companions and friends.

The "operating-room" of the telegraph station is not more than twelve feet square, yet it is marvellous how its proprietor manages to get so many things completely housed. Upon the walls we find a collection of useful things, such as a powder-horn, a clock, a lantern, a shelf of books, some useful charts, a slate, a rifle, and other things too numerous to mention. The telegraph machine occupies the opening of the window. The walls are pierced on every side with holes (one can be observed in the door), through which the operator thrusts his telescope, and, from long practice, he can recognise and name, at the farthest noticeable distance, almost any vessel that goes out or comes in the harbor. This room is very appropriately termed the "hermit's cell," and its occupant, beyond a strict attention to his official duties, is very indifferent what the public say about the style of his dress or the cut of his hair; so, like Robinson Crusoe, he consults his own

tastes; for in the little world in which he moves he is supreme; his wife, child, and pigeons are perfectly satisfied, do what he may.

The situation of the fog-bell tower, it will be observed, is on the extreme edge of the Hook nearest the sea. The bell is in a roof-shaped box, which is to be observed on the top of the framework. The weight which strikes the alarm descends toward the ground. It is a misfortune that the object for which this tower was erected, viz., the notification of ships in fogs of the vicinity of the Hook, was not more successfully realized; but it is probable that no contrivance of man will ever fully overcome even the quiet mutterings of the storm, or the low sighs of the waves, when their crests are covered with fog.

This ingenious contrivance was put up by the Government last summer, the object of which is to give notice to vessel in foggy weather when they are near Sandy Hook. The bell is made to ring by a clock, which will work seven hours without winding. The pendulum of the machinery has a swing of some four feet. When a fog begins to rise, the lighthouse men set the works in motion. If the wind is south-east or north-east there is a fog, and the sound of the bell is carried on shore, so that a vessel can, under the circumstances, if very wide awake, hear the sound about two hundred yards. In other words, to know where the fog-bell is, a ship would have to run it down, and even then it would not necessarily be noticed. The contractor for this ingenious piece of useless "jingle-ling" among the sea waves, we presume, got well paid for his work, so that somebody has benefited by its existence.

The gentleman who has charge of the telegraphic station at Sandy Hook is D. W. C. Cummings. He lives in this retired spot the life of a recluse, his quiet relieved by the presence of a wife and child. He illustrated his humanity and bravery by rescuing a portion of the crew of the schooner *John Frederick*, wrecked on the Hook, April the 14th, 1857. The unfortunate seamen were in the water twelve hours, and seven of these hours, at the risk of his life, Cummings devoted to their salvation; four of the crew were saved. For this noble act of disinterestedness, the Humane Society of New York city very properly gave him a gold medal.

When Mr. Cummings first took up his residence at the Hook his health was infirm, and as a restorative he anticipated the luxury of sea-bathing, but he was doomed to disappointment. It seems that this favored vicinity is the haven of sharks; that as soon as these monsters obtain an enormous size, and have devoured a certain number of human beings, including seamen, women, and children, they repose upon their bloody honors, and sport around Sandy Hook. Mr. Cummings ventured once into the surf, when, looking up, he saw a shark between himself and the shore, quietly watching him as a cat will a mouse. With considerable presence of mind and great agility of limb, he made for the land, and the shark's tail instead of his head; it is hardly necessary to say that aquatic sports by him have been abandoned. The Hook is also remarkable for mosquitoes; they are sometimes, in quiet weather, so thick and formidable as absolutely to become downright plagues. On one especial visitation the members of the family of Mr. Cummings were compelled to retreat to the top of the fog-bell tower for safety.

The associated press has an agent in Liverpool, who, upon the departure of each steamer for America, puts in the hands of the purser a tin box about nine inches long and three wide, inside of which are four pieces of thin paper containing the latest telegraphic news from London. When a steamer is expected at Sandy Hook, a man goes off in a small boat, or tows it behind a pilot boat, and proceeds to sea. In the small boat is a basket containing four or five carrier pigeons. The moment the steamer is noticed the man takes to his little boat and runs alongside. The purser then throws the tin packet overboard, which being heavier at one end than the other, floats perpendicular in the water. The moment the box is picked up it is opened, and the slips of paper are one after another fastened to the feet of the pigeons, which, upon being liberated, immediately make for the Hook. On their arrival, Mr. Cummings secures one of the slips and instantly telegraphs its contents to New York city. It has not unfrequently happened that news thus obtained, has been selling in the streets in the shape of "extras" before the steamer which brought it over reached the dock. The carrier pigeon express, however, is uncertain, for when a storm is raging a pigeon cannot leave the island, and they are equally useless in foggy weather.

It is very apparent that the facilities for gathering foreign news with rapidity as it comes into the entrance of our harbor, and we may say, the gateway that introduces it to the entire country, are very imperfect, and to the enterprise of the press alone and the fearlessness of the individuals employed, is the mercantile world indebted for all the advantages it has enjoyed up to the present time. The United States Government owns "the land," and holds jurisdiction over four miles from the shores of Sandy Hook, and consequently, the telegraph company has to lease the privilege of erecting its buildings from Uncle Sam. It would seem that while millions of dollars are expended in defending the harbor with mason work and cannon, the element of strength arising from the rapid conveyance of news should also be appreciated, and that something might be done by the Government to facilitate this matter; for it is directly interested, and has, on more than one important occasion, taken advantage for its own benefit of the labors of individuals, and of the associated press.

#### THE RETREAT;

OR, "TWO'S COMPANY, AND THREE'S NONE."

MR. DEARLOVE was a retired tradesman, who, having spent fifty years of his life in a close application to business, determined to enjoy the remainder of his time by indulging in such pleasures and enjoyments as ample means could command, and a rational taste counsel.

He began his shop career at the age of ten, and he left it off just as he had reached his sixtieth year, which, to use his own words, was a pretty long innings; but then he had scored well during the term, and at his banker's, in cash and securities he had to his credit, in round figures, £100,000. And with that sum he felt that he might fairly do the genteel and the comfortable.

He had one daughter—a pretty, graceful girl—in person like her mother, who had been dead some years, and bearing the same name, Frances—pleasingly abbreviated into Fanny, or still more contracted by her father into Fan. Fanny Dearlove had had nothing to do with the shop. She had received an excellent education at a ladies' school at Highgate, which she quitted at the age of eighteen, to make her father's evening pass pleasantly by her performance on the piano, or of some pretty songs which she sung with taste—having the advantage, likewise, of a particularly sweet voice.

She was a very nice girl—kind and amiable, engaging in her manner, and, as we have said, very pretty in the face. The servants liked her, and spoke well of her. That said much in her favor; and whenever her father said to her, "Now, Fan, pipe up!—give us 'My soldier love,' or 'Adoo, my native land, adoo!'" she never pouted or looked cross, or said, "Why do you like such stupid old things?" or commenced singing, "I cannot give my hand," or some other song of that class. She did what she was told to do, and did it cheerfully, and that is a merit which cannot be too highly prized.

One night when Dearlove came up stairs, at the close of business, he said—"Fan, how long will it take to pack up bag and baggage, and be off from this?"

"What do you mean, papa?" she said, in the greatest astonishment.

"You shall hear," he answered.

Then he informed her that he had that day completed the sale of his business, and had likewise purchased a pretty little cottage on the borders of the New Forest, Hampshire.

"A snug place, I can tell you, Fan," said he. "Nice house—plenty of rooms for us—good gardens, flower and kitchen—grow one's own vegetables, peonies, pinks and pumpkins—paddock for the pony and cow, and a lot of sort of things—forest close at hand, and beautiful walks into the bargain. I bought it well, and I mean to enjoy myself there for the rest of my days, unless something I don't suspect should turn up."

Fanny cheerfully assented, set to work and helped pack up all the more valuable articles; and in less than a week they were out of the old house in Watling street, and into the cottage on the borders of the New Forest, in Hampshire.

For a week, Dearlove was wonderfully busy in setting things to rights. He was a little perplexed at first, for he had, on seeing monthly roses trailing up the porch in front of the house, changed the name of the dwelling from *Elencor Cottage*—that which it had hitherto borne—to *Rose Cottage*; but that had happened to be no less than seven Rose Cottages in the vicinity, so that all his letters and parcels went the round of the seven before they reached him; they were thus delayed some time, and the superscriptions were covered with recommendations to try every house but his. Then he changed the name to "Dearlove's Fancy," upon which all his letters were returned to the writers with the specified reason—"No such place known."

Urged by Fanny, he changed this name to "The Retreat," and signified the alteration to the postman, whose memory being quickened with half-a-crown, duly delivered to him every letter, whether addressed to "Rose Cottage," "Dearlove's Fancy," or "The Retreat."

Mr. Dearlove bought a handsome pony and a pretty four-wheeled phaeton; he bought, likewise, a cow and a calf, a pig, cocks and hens, ducks and geese, and stocked his fish-pond with trout, carp, roach, dace, chub and bream, and other fresh-water fish. He hired a gardener, and a man to look after the horse and cows, and to help the gardener, who had more than he could manage in the two gardens; and then he had two servants, and a boy for cleaning and errand-running. Altogether, he fancied he had made his model retreat.

He was full of designs for additions and alterations, and was incessantly consulting with a carpenter and builder to erect and place "this, you see, here;" or to remove and convert something so that it might stand excellently "there," and be a capital alteration. To all of which the carpenter would reply, "Yes, sir;" those, in fact, seeming to be the only words in his vocabulary. At last, all the alterations and new erections were finished; grapevines, conservatories, something or other to please Fan or himself, all were out of hand; and business being ended, now would come the enjoyment of it.

He commenced with the fish-pond; but that soft-hearted Fan had so fed the fish that they would not touch his bait, turned up their noses at his gentles, swam round his hook, and made faces as they jostled against it; so that the fish bobbed, and up sprang the tackle into the air, while Dearlove cried, "By Jove! a near touch that! I'll have you next time, my fine fellow. Fan, such a splendid bite. Just see!" But patience, and such skill as he possessed were unavailing, and at the end of the day he had caught nothing but a severe cold, which confined him to his room for a week. He gave up fishing!

As soon as he got rid of the cold he paid a visit to the paddock to see how his pony was going on. He knew it to be rather shy, so he approached cautiously, with such success as to be able almost to touch it, when up went the heels of the beast, flinging out directly at him. A desperate leap backwards alone saved him from a fearful kick. As it was, he tumbled on his back into a pool of fluid which had drained from a stack of stable manure, and settled in a hollow place, just where he fell.

He rose, shaken by his fall, and on no good terms with his pony, when at this moment he heard the angry lowings of his cow. The little beast of a calf he found close beside him; it had erected its tail like a barber's pole, and was performing wonderful evolutions, as though under the influence of a powerful stream of electricity. Its movements were not gambols, certainly; it flung out its hind-legs violently, or leaped with all four off the sward in such an extraordinary fashion that Dearlove contemplated its frenzy with something like awe. The thing was hurried by the passage which had taken place between Dearlove and his pony, and could not recover from the fright it had received. The cow, perceiving the manner in which its suckling was disporting itself, gave vent to a paroxysm of fury, and at once made direct at Dearlove, as a proper object on whom to expend its rage. It lashed its sides, and roared lustily ere it commenced the assault—as the Indian brave yells his war-song previous to attacking his enemy—then off it started, making straight for its master. The intent of the animal was so apparent that he came to the conclusion to at once change the venue, and away he ran. The cow, perceiving this dastardly act, bellowed fiercely and increased its pace; while the calf betrayed the wildest delirium, almost tumbling over head and heels in its frantic excitement.

Dearlove ran well, but the cow ran better, and gained so much on him, that he had but a few yards start on reaching the paddock gate. To his horror he found it fastened; he remembered that he had carefully secured it when he entered the paddock, to prevent the cow getting out. Would that she had got out! At that moment wished—and had broken her neck down a chalk pit! However, he dare not stop at the gate, or the cow would have hoisted him over in an instant, without ceremony or tenderness; so he had to run round and dodge the cow, until it grew bewildered, and made a desperate lunge forward; then he dashed across the paddock again, having the greatest difficulty in avoiding the infernal calf, which, in its insane freaks, swooped here, leaped there, and darted into some other place, as it seemed, all at once. The cow having recovered sight of its quarry, made right after Dearlove, who was going at his best speed round the paddock, in hopes to reach the gate in time to open it. In the midst of the chase, there made its appearance a spiteful cur, which, afflicted with the error that Dearlove was trespassing on his own ground, took part in the chase, and tore after the flying proprietor. Quickly overtaking him, it commenced fiercely nibbling at his heels, receiving occasionally, however, in return, a wonderful kick on the muzzle from Dearlove's heels, who lifted them vigorously as he fled.

The old gentleman, having completed the circuit of the paddock, neared the gate once more, utterly exhausted, and there must have fallen, to be gored and worried by the vicious brute in pursuit of him, had not the laborer, in charge of these animals, suddenly opened the gate, and entered the paddock.

With a wild yell of joy, Dearlove bounded to the opening, dashed through it, almost upsetting his servant, and pausing not in his career, until safe in his own parlor. The sturdy groom, in the meantime, vigorously introduced the toe of his boot to the notice of the dog, lifting him about twenty yards at each kick; and, without losing any time, belabored the shoulders and ribs of the cow with the handle of a pitchfork which he carried, until the animal concluded that to remain longer in that part of the paddock was not to her advantage, so made tracks for the spot where the calf—yet the victim of some insane hallucination—was throwing up its hindlegs and hopping about, as if on the hot ashes of an active volcano.

Thus far, "The Retreat" had not proved the blest abode of peaceful happiness he had expected. The situation was pretty; the air fresh; the provisions—at least, the vegetables—such as he had not been in the habit of getting in London; but there were other things, essential to a pleasing contentment, which he yet wanted.

One of these was society. He had had plenty of it in business; he had none now, save that of his daughter. At first, the change was agreeable; subsequently, it began to grow oppressive, and he found himself moping. What was worse, his Fan was moping too. It was true, that she busied herself among her flowers; worked most perseveringly at her embroidery; sang and played on the piano; walked in the forest during the balmy summer evenings with her father; and wrote very, very long letters to her school friend, Lucy Forester; but there was no disguising the fact that she was growing silent and listless; her usually garrulous tongue was by degrees confined only to monosyllables. Her father perceived it, and grew restless, irritable, and peevish.

The truth was, the place was most insufferably slow. Such neighbors as there were Dearlove did not like, so that father and daughter were thrown entirely upon their own resources, which, unfortunately were soon exhausted.

Dearlove did not like to confess that the experiment so far had proved a failure, and determined, before he admitted it to be, to try some mode of infusing a little life into their unmitigable dullness. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, he said to his daughter, "Fan, who was you writing to on all day yesterday?"

"To Lucy Forester, papa."

"Hem! Why you crossed and re-crossed your sheet of letter-paper! What the deuce could you have to say to her?"

"Oh! I don't know, hardly! I told her what we had been amusing ourselves with during the last week, and how we had been enjoying ourselves!"

"Hem—ah! to be sure—yes—but, Fan, I could have done it in two lines—in two lines, at the outside. Let's see! what did we do last week? Get up, and go to bed again? I remember nothing else."

Fan smiled.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "there was something more. You know it was last week that Jilt, the pony, bolted with you; upset the milk-maid and her two pails of milk; killed a goose; turned over the dokey-cart and the vegetables in it; scattered a flock of sheep; bore you in triumph through the villa; a horse-pod; and quixotically trying to leap the five-barred turnpike gate, broke both shafts of the phaeton, and was seized there, looking dissatisfied that she had done no more!"

"A beast!" muttered Dearlove through his teeth; "but I have got rid of her. I'll have no more of her! I have got a quiet one now, I think. That was not, however, what I was going to talk about. Who is this Miss Forester?"

"You have seen her several times in Watling street. Do you recollect last Christmas her raising you round the neck, and kissing you under the moustache?"

"Aha! is that her, Fan?"

"Yes, papa."

"A nice girl—a very nice, laughing, chatty girl! Have you invited her down here to see us?"

"Not specially, papa; I have awaited your permission."

"Fiddlestick! Has your letter gone?"

"No."

"Then open it and tell her we shall expect to see her here on Wednesday. No denial will avail her. We can take no excuse."

"Thank you, dear papa."

"By the way, has she got a brother?"

"Hem!—ah—oh, yes, papa! Harry—Mr. Henry Forester!"

"Ah! I was in Banbury, Smallerex and Co.'s?"

"Yes, papa. He is junior partner, now!"

"Nice fellow, too? Like his sister, full of life?"

"Yes, papa."

"Makes himself very agreeable?"

"Oh, yes, papa!"

"Wonder if he could drop down for a week or so?"

Fanny was silent, and as red as one of her own scarlet geraniums.

"You can ask him, Fan. Tell his sister to try and prevail on him; he will be a companion for me, as his sister will be for you."

Fan made the additions to her letter with trembling eagerness. She had smoked his pipe, and thought of the girl who kissed him under the moustache.

On Wednesday night, Harry and Lucy Forester were snug in the lounge of "The Retreat," laughing and chattering with Dearlove and his daughter.

they were certainly a lively, laughing romp, with glittering eyes and dancing curls.

Harry was frank, witty, and high-spirited, with a free, open, manly expression on his features; bright, clear, hazel eyes, and deep brown hair, which seemed to be always in good order; he dressed well—a little fast in style, perhaps, yet gentlemanly withal; and altogether was what a discriminating girl would call "a nice fellow."

Plenty of plans were broached from which pleasure and amusement were to be derived. Harry had a month's vacation, and he expressed his determination to make the most of it. Accordingly there were walks, and rides, and drives, and fishing, and shooting, and pedestrian excursions. Lucy Forester exerted herself to her utmost to keep old Dearlove in good spirits. She laughed and romped with him, sung to him, and was at all times so sprightly that the old fellow was never contented unless in her company.

Thus Harry was thrown much in the society of Fanny. It seemed as though the intention of Mr. Dearlove had been reversed—the school friend of Fanny being his most frequent companion, and her brother being the constant attendant on the movements of Fanny.

No notice was taken by either party of this change in the programme, and all seemed very well satisfied, so there appeared no reason why the original intention should be restored. In the stroll by moonlight into the forest glades, there seemed to be a pervading in fate; for, by some unaccountable accident, or by some wilful whim on the part of Lucy, the two couples were sure to separate, and perhaps not rejoin each other until just near home.

Was there any courting going on, to account for these accidental separations? Between Dearlove and Lucy, certainly not. Between Harry and Fanny, then?

Well, we are not eavesdroppers, nor are we spies; but we happen to know that one bright moonlight night, during one of these pleasant rambles, Master Harry Forester, while wandering alone with Fanny, after speaking to her in a tone of passionate pleading, suddenly went down upon his knees, and, as he pressed her soft, small hands to his heart, urged her very strongly to answer a question that he had just put, in very earnest language, to her. Truth further bids us declare that she parted gently his hair from his white forehead, which she kissed; and then, in a low-murmuring, guttural voice, she made a confession to him, which had the effect of making him fold his arms round her and press her to his heart. Perhaps they were longer that evening than usual in finding their way back; but however this may have been, they found old Dearlove in the elm avenue, near to the cottage, seated on the ground, while, as usual, Lucy was rattling away, with the endeavor of preventing his noticing what she inwardly felt to be the provokingly long absence of Fanny and Harry.

"It may suit you romantic people," she said, "to wander together where one can

Only see  
Stems thronging all around between the swell  
Of its fluting branches; who could tell  
The freshness of the space of heaven above  
Edged round with dark tree tops, through which a dove  
Would often beat its wings, and often too  
A little cloud would move across the blue."

I repeat this is all very pleasant for you, but Master Walter and I want our supper. Less romantic than you, we are in a state of famine; and, leaving gushing rills and the melody of nightingales to those who like them, we are desirous only of discerning the beauties of lamb and cucumber."

There was a general laugh, and they returned home to supper. The whole of the rest of that evening Harry seemed very dreamy, and very fond; for she, until they retired for the night, kept Lucy's hand in hers, not infrequently placing her arm round her waist, and laying her head upon her shoulder.

When the girls had gone to bed, and Dearlove was left to his pipe and whisky, and Harry to his cigar and cold brandy, the latter, clearing his throat as if with some difficulty, said, "I am sorry, sir, my time is up to-morrow, and that I must leave such happy and charming society."

"You must go, then, Harry?"

"Yes, sir, I must! Business, you know, must not be neglected."

"Certainly not! But your sister is not compelled to go?"

"By no means; but, you know, she is wilful, and has made up her mind to go back with me."

"Well, well, she will come again by and bye. I hope she has enjoyed herself?"

"There can be no doubt of that!"

"And you?"

"I, sir! God bless you, I never liked anything half so well before!"

"I am pleased to hear it."

"Your genuine hospitality—"

"Tush! tush, boy!"

"And your daughter's graceful kindness will never be obliterated from my memory."

"Nice girl, Fanny, eh?"

"She is an angel, sir!"

Old Dearlove rose and took the hand of Henry, and gave it a hearty squeeze.

"You are a young man of sound discrimination. She is a treasure, Harry Forester!"

"That is clear enough—a prize for any lucky fellow fortunate enough to obtain her. I never before met with a young lady who so completely united in her own person all the qualifications I admire in woman."

"Ha, ha! You really admire her, then, Harry?"

"Admire her, sir? I love her fondly—devotedly love her!"

A change passed over the features of Mr. Dearlove.

"Eh?" he ejaculated, gravely.

Harry in yet stronger terms repeated his declaration.

Old Dearlove looked graver still.

"Does—does Fanny know of this, Mr. Forester?" he asked.

"She does, sir!" said Harry. "This very night I found leave-taking very much harder than I anticipated; and, though I had not intended it, my heart gained the mastery, and I confessed to her that I loved her dearly and truly; and I begged her to make me the happiest fellow in the world, by accepting my hand."

"And she—Fanny—Miss Dearlove—"

"Referred me to you, sir. And I am glad of this opportunity of acknowledging my affection, and of praying your consent to our union."

"She—Fanny—Miss Dearlove did not reject your offer?"

"Reject it? No, sir! On the contrary, she gave me reason to believe that my offer was by no means unacceptable to her."

Dearlove groaned, and fell back in his chair. He placed his hand over his eyes, and appeared to be in much pain. Harry would have flown to his assistance, but he waved him off in harsh terms. Then he arose to his feet, and addressed him.

"Mr. Forester," he began, "I invited you to my house that you might pass those hours snatched from business with pleasure to yourself and profit to your health. I welcomed you freely, and treated you with open frankness and hospitality."

"You have, indeed, sir!" said Harry.

"And how have you returned it?" cried the old man sternly. "By basely taking advantage of the opportunity to lay siege to the heart of a fond, foolish girl; and, by winning it, rob me of the only treasure I really valued in life—my silence! for I do not wish to hear another word from your lips. I have heard too much from them already. My dream of happiness was centred in passing my future life happily in the society of my child. You have rudely awakened me from it; and all I ask of you now is to quit my house in the morning, and never let me see you in it again."

"My dear sir! I pray you to consider—"

"Not a word! I distinctly and decidedly reject for my daughter, and for myself, your alliance; and I beg of you not to compel me to be guilty of rudeness in my own house by persisting in attempting to change an opinion which is unalterable. There is your light, sir! I wish you good night!"

Early the next morning, Harry and his sister departed, taking leave of Fanny, who was all tears; but without seeing Mr. Dearlove, who confined himself to the room for that morning with a severe headache. So Harry and Lucy Forester left; and "The Retreat" returned to its accustomed quiet. More dull and sombre than ever it appeared to those left behind, although old Dearlove did get up a little gaiety for his daughter's benefit, but without achieving his object.

He had, after the departure of their guests, held a conference with Fanny; told her all that passed between him and Harry; and his own fond scheme, that she should live with him for the rest of his life, themselves for themselves, away from the cares and turmoil of life, as happy as it was possible to be.

Fanny made no reply—no dissent; not a sign that his selfish plan would now, if carried out, break her heart. She merely said to him, as she left him to go and weep in her bed-room, that she would try to prove to him all that he wished her to be.

He tried to make her, and wished her to be, lively and cheerful. But that she could not be. He took her to different places of note—to watering-places, inland spots, famed for splendid prospects; he purchased trinkets and dresses, articles for home amusements—worked very hard indeed, to try and rob her of that pensive gaze, those pale cheeks, and listless manner,—but without success. She endeavored to comply with the wish he entertained; for she appreciated the efforts he made with that purpose. But she had "a silent sorrow," and it would make its outward sign.

She grew thinner and paler by degrees; and she found herself soon fatigued if she attempted to walk much. Old Dearlove grewidgety, and then alarmed. He consulted with an eminent physician; and almost faintly to earn that she exhibited a predisposition to consumption. "She has something preying on her mind that must be removed, or she will die."

Dearlove bore her back to "The Retreat," and he was delighted to find that he seemed pleased to get back there. But she did not improve in health; and he took to strolling alone in the wood; and it was palpable that she equestly wept.

One night, as they were parting to retire to rest, he held her in his arms, and kissing her, said, "Fanny, my darling, you have been a good and dutiful child, and I love you for it more dearly every hour I live. I have once more put your sense of duty to the proof. I have had an offer for your hand made to me by a young man, good-looking, and of good position, who has recently seen you. He will only be satisfied with your own denial. Now, understand me, Fanny—"

"Oh, pray, dear papa, spare me this trial!" she cried, with an averted head.

"Nay," he said; "after all, Fanny, darling, it won't be much of a trial. You have simply to say yes or no, when he asks you. I leave it entirely to your-

self. If you accept him I shall be very, very happy. If you say no—well, we shall be as loving and happy as now. I only ask you to see him, darling, in the morning. Will you say yes, Fanny, my love?"

Well, she did utter a faint "Yes," but the next morn, she told him, would only undertake a hopeless task; and he only replied, "We shall see! we shall see!"

Early the following morning there was an arrival, and the moment she was dressed her father made his appearance at the door of her apartment.

"Come, Fanny," said he; "Mr. Lover has arrived. We will see him in the parlor, and get the business over at once. If you accept him, he can stay the day; if you refuse him, the sooner he goes about his business the better."

"His stay here will not be long," thought Fanny, who looked pale and distressed.

They descended, and entered the apartment below. A young man was seated there; he rose up and advanced towards them. Fanny's eyes were upon the ground; she stood still and trembled as her father said, "Now, sir, I have fulfilled my promise. Here is my daughter, and you have my full permission to make her the offer of your hand, and my full consent to the union. If you are rejected, of course I trust a single reply will suffice, and you will retire."

The young man bowed; then he took the cold hand of the trembling girl, and knelt down before her, saying, in a soft voice, "Fanny, my fondly beloved! in praying you to accept the offer of my hand and heart, may I dare hope you will not refuse me?"

Fanny screamed. That voice! those words! She looked down upon him who knelt before her.

"Oh, Harry, Harry! dear, dear Harry!" she all but shrieked. And the next instant Fanny Dearlove and Harry Forester were looking in each other's arms, while old Dearlove, overcome by his emotions, was obliged to embrace Lucy Forester, who had come down here with her brother, and had stolen into the apartment to witness the meeting. Old Dearlove took some time to recover; and Lucy kissed him at least a dozen times, because, she said, he was "a good boy now, and had restored himself to her good books."

Why, the fact was, old Dearlove had to choose between Fanny married and Fanny buried: so he chose the former.

Fanny soon got well, and was married to the man she loved. Harry retired, by desire of Mr. Dearlove, from the firm of Banbury, Smaller, & Co., and all three lived together at "The Retreat," as happy as doves. Lucy lived with them until she went and took a violent fancy to a quiet, modest young nephew of Mr. Dearlove's—just three years older than herself—a fancy, indeed, that nothing but marriage could cure.

Dearlove is still at "The Retreat," and as happy as a king. Happier! He found out his mistake long ago, and, surrounded by his daughter, her husband, and their children, vows that he has no belief in the proverb that "Two is company, and three is more."

# CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

## OUR BOW.

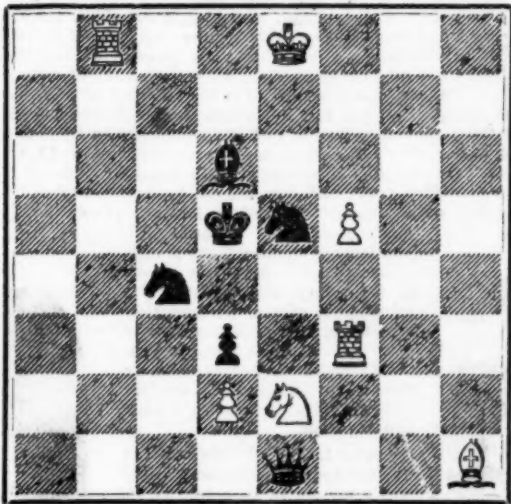
In making our salutation to the Chess readers of this journal, and assuming the position so worthily filled by our "illustrated predecessors," we cannot avoid the expression of a natural diffidence, and a conviction that we may not fill the measure of ability so universally conceded to Messrs. Fuller and Montgomery. While we may not have the ease and grace of the latter, nor the caustic pen of the former, we will not yield to either of these gentlemen in an ardent devotion to the cause of Chess. Our editorial experience as a Chess writer dates years back, at which time we published and edited, in this city, *The Chess Palladium and Mathematical Spangas*, which was the very first Chess magazine ever published in America. This early banding of ours died a natural death the first year of its existence; but we satiate ourself that not only to the readers of this journal, but to those of every other American Chess periodical, our name is somewhat familiar, and that our own games and problems will serve as the best evidence of our fitness to fill this editorial chair, where we shall be compelled to sit in judgment upon the labors of others. We beg to be judged by our fruits, and to remind our earlier subscribers that we occasionally officiated as the *locum tenens* of Mr. Fuller during the absence of that gentleman. Our friends and readers may rest assured of one thing—we shall endeavor to treat all our correspondents with candor, courtesy and impartiality, and we bespeak their indulgence for any unintentional error we may commit, and ask their hearty co-operation to aid us in advancing the glorious cause of Chess.

N. MARACHE.

\* \* \* Our correspondents will, henceforth, be duly and regularly answered. Letters on hand will be attended to in our next.

PROBLEM XC.—By N. MARACHE. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAME XC.—(BENEFIT OF GAMBIT).—Between Mr. REESES and the late Mr. REES.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. R.	Mr. S.	Mr. R.	Mr. S.
1 P to K4	P to K4	16 K R to K	Q Kt to Q2
2 P to KB4	P Kt P	17 Q to Q2	P to Q Kt3
3 B to QB4	Q to KR5 (ch)	18 B to Q5	Q R to Kt4
4 K to B	P to K Kt4	19 Q to QB5	Kt to QB4
5 Kt to QB5	B to K Kt3	20 Q to K5	P to QR5
6 P to K Kt3	P Kt P	21 P Kt Kt	P Kt Kt
7 K to Kt2	Q to KR5	22 P Kt Q	B Kt QR
8 P Kt P	Q to K Kt3	23 B to QB6	B to K5
9 P to Q4	P to Q5	24 R to B	Q Kt P
10 Kt to KB5	P to KR5	25 K to K Kt	Q Kt Kt
11 P to K5	K to Q	26 R to QB	Q to QB
12 P to Q Kt3	K Kt to K5	27 Q to QB5	Q Kt B
13 B to QR5	B to KB4	28 Q to R (ch)	K to Q2
14 P Kt P	P Kt P	29 R to QB7 (ch)	K Kt P
15 Q Kt to Kt5	K Kt to QB	30 Q to K5 and mates. (a)	

NOTES TO GAME XC.

(a) Mr. Reeses has played the attack of Bishop's Gambit against Rees a number of times as a match; the result showed the superiority, in that beautiful Gambit, of the former over the latter. Mr. Rees' dastardly, and adversary by the brilliancy and intrepidity of his attack, which involves several new points.

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XC.

WHITE. 1 Q to B7 (ch) 2 Kt to Q8 (ch) 3 R to B6 (ch) 4 R to K7 (ch) 5 B to Q5 (ch) 6 B to Q5 (ch) (a) In this problem place White K on B4.

BLACK. Kt Kt Q Kt Kt R Kt Kt B mate.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

LEMON JUICE IN DROPSY.—Lemons are recommended for dropsy in a Russian medical journal, and are said to be beneficial in the most hopeless cases. The first day one lemon was given, after taking the peel off, and cutting it up into small pieces, in sugar; the two following days three were given, and afterwards eighteen every day. For nourishment meat was given. In every case the water came off on the seventh day.

Bleeding from the nose is often very troublesome, and, in fact, long continued bleeding is not only weakening to the system, but might result in death. The surest method of arresting the hemorrhage is, simply elevating the arm upon the side of the discharging nostril.

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

**During the month of July, eighty-three emigrant-carrying vessels, including seven steamers, arrived at New York, bringing 27,192 passengers—being 10,000 more than were landed here during the corresponding month of last year.**

**The Grand Jury at Louisville have returned true bills of indictment against Prentice of the *Journal* and Durrett of the *Courier*, for carrying concealed deadly weapons, and for personal attacks made upon each other in the streets.**

**A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says, that while traveling in Iowa, a favorite dog was bitten by a rattlesnake. In the course of five minutes he could not travel. Some vinegar mixed with gunpowder was applied to the wound and the swelling was stopped, and in a quarter of an hour he was able to proceed.**

**In England the Electric and International Telegraph Company have organized their establishment in such a manner as that money deposited with the company will be advised by telegraphic order, and be paid out to the parties named in the order. We concur in opinion with a contemporary that these money remittances by telegraph are the beginnings of a great system of transportation, which is likely to supersede post-office remittances, and we trust with safety equal to its swiftness.**

**Mr. Guthrie, of Chicago, Ill., has one field of 850 acres of hay, enclosed with good pine board and cedar post fence. He is cutting from other fields at least 1,000 acres besides, and expects to cut and press, this year, at least 5,000 tons of hay.**

**At Quindaro, Kansas Territory, the thermometer has marked 106 degrees in the shade this summer; and at Topeka, during the session of the Convention, it has been as high as 108 degrees in the shade.**

**It is estimated that the massive structure of granite, called the extension of the Treasury Building at Washington, will take three or four years to complete it, and cost, to execute fully the plan adopted years ago, \$4,000,000.**

**One of the watch towers of the Auburn State Prison was struck by lightning during the storm a few days ago. The tower was badly shattered, and a sentry who was in the tower was stunned but not killed. The sentry's musket, which stood by the wall inside of the tower, was fired off by the lightning.**

**PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF A FEMALE EQUESTRIAN.**—A young lady about 18 years of age, daughter of the late David London, residing about three miles from Shelbyville, Indiana, started one afternoon on horseback, a week or two since, to visit a sister in the eastern part of the county, near St. Paul, and was lost; it was getting dark, and she was in the midst of one of the most gloomy solitudes to be found in this region. She hallooed several times hoping to attract the notice of some one that might be in hearing. It soon became so dark as to render further progress impracticable, and from the swampy nature of the country, exceedingly dangerous. With the coolness of a philosopher, she soon made up her mind what to do. Dismounting, she prepared to encamp for the night. She made her horse secure to a tree, and took off the saddle. She fortunately had a blanket, which she spread under a tree upon the ground, and, wrapped in a capacious riding-skirt, with her saddle for a pillow, she took up her lonely camp quarter for the night. The thought of snakes kept her awake for several long weary hours, when at length she fell asleep. Awakening some time during the night, she got up and examined to see that her horse was safe, when she lay down again, and snored it soundly till morning. She heard the train on the railroad, and made for the direction of the sound, and by breakfast time was safely at her destination.

**A letter in the *Republican*, dated Fort Kearney, 7th inst., says that the Fifth and Tenth Regiments of Infantry and Phelps' Battery had arrived there. Captain Van Vleet had gone in advance, on important business. The troops were much dissatisfied, and the two infantry regiments had lost nearly five hundred men by desertion.**

**A sad and fearful accident occurred on the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, half a mile east of Bunker Hill, on Saturday night, at eight o'clock, caused by the washing away of a heavy culvert at the place indicated. The train, consisting of locomotive, baggage car, one second-class car and two passenger cars, left Terre Haute at half past ten o'clock on Saturday morning, and proceeded without interruption until the hour named, when, the cars going at the usual speed, and the night being pitchy dark, the engine pitched over the void—where the culvert work had afforded a safe crossing shortly before—and struck the opposite side with such tremendous force that the boiler broke in two halves, and the engine, baggage car and second-class car were thrown upon each other and shivered into innumerable pieces. The fireman was instantly killed.**

**The private banking house of Coates & Brothers, Chicago, has closed its doors.**

**The Housatonic *Republican* says the woods in some parts of the town of Norfolk, and on Canaan Mountain, are suffering from the ravages of worms. Many acres in extent are stripped of leaves, and it is feared will die in consequence. Some trees injured in the same way last year appear to be dead. The worms attack all kinds of trees except the cherry and ash. The noise in the woods where they are at work is like the pattering of rain drops.**

**The ship building season at Cleveland, Ohio, may be said to close about the first of August. The number of propellers built there this year is eight, with an aggregate tonnage of 5219 86-96 tons, built at a cost of \$410,000. The number of sailing vessels is fourteen, with an aggregate tonnage of 5024 10-96 tons, built at a cost of \$280,000.**

**The Meriden *Chronicle* says that a man from Plantville, South- ington, name unknown, while wharfeberrying on the East Mountain, Meriden, a few days since, was bitten on the calf of his leg by a rattlesnake, and died shortly after reaching home. Medical aid was called, but was of no avail.**

**Messrs. S. D. & L. B. Case, of Canton, Conn., are considerably engaged in the manufacture of wine from grapes grown wild, and of their own cultivation. They made twenty-eight barrels three years ago, and eighteen barrels last year. It is made up in a cheap way, but is said to be tolerably good to taste.**

**A match between the North and the South has lately been made. John L. Cassidy has leased the Fashion Course, and offers a stake for four-mile heats, \$10,000 entrance, half forisit, with an addition of \$2,000 if the race is run. The two horses engaged are Charleston, by Sovereign, and Nicholas First, by Glencoe. The contest will come on the 29th of September.**

**The merchants' powder magazine, containing the whole stock of powder in Halifax, exploded with a terrible concussion on August 13, about midnight. One man was killed, and fifteen others were seriously injured. Five houses were demolished and several damaged. The government magazine and the new barracks were much shattered, and nearly all the windows in the northern part of the city were much broken. The damages are estimated at \$100,000. The magazine is supposed to have been fired by an incendiary. For hours the excitement was intense, many persons had been thrown from their beds, and others, bewildered, rushed to the street for safety, believing an earthquake had occurred.**

**James Buckelow, at Jamesburg, Monroe Township, Middlesex County, owns 3,200 acres, 1,800 of which are under cultivation and in use, the rest being woodland. He has the present season, in grass, 360 acres; corn, 350; oats, 200; wheat, 100; rye, 50; total, 1,090. Besides this, there are 800 in pasture. The rows of corn in one direction are nearly a mile in length. The value of the crops this season will probably approximate \$20,000.**

**In the Court of Common Pleas at Plymouth, lately, a suit was brought for damages in consequence of the plaintiff's mill-way being filled with sawdust from a mill on the same stream. The plaintiff recovered damages, \$200. This is said to be the first case of the kind ever tried in this State.**

**As the time draws nigh for a decision in Mr. Crawford's case, the most intense fears are entertained for the result, although the physician as yet sees no cause for discouragement. The tumor is being removed very slowly, and until it is removed entirely no operation can be made within the orbit. The doctor had removed a portion of the tumor, and there will be fewer applications of the ointment. His general health is comparatively better, and he appears to be stronger. Dr. Fell has been called to Berlin, to see the wife of a distinguished diplomat, and leaves Mr. Crawford, during his absence, in the charge of a surgeon of the Middlesex Hospital, who accompanied Dr. Fell from the first in his visits to Mr. Crawford.**

**There is to be a general railroad convention in New York on the 1st of September, to consider the means of reducing the expenses of railroads, and to arrange for a national trial of railroad machinery about the 1st of November—a sort of Iron Horse show.**

**It is estimated that the new dome for the Capitol will weigh 7,500 tons, and that its erection will take ten years. The new Houses of Congress will be ready for occupancy by a year from next December, and not in the coming session, as it was expected.**

**The Lebanon (Pa.) *Advertiser* says that the average weight of iron ore taken over the North Lebanon Railroad from the Cornwall ore banks, amounts to 600 tons daily, and the *Advertiser* doubts whether there is a more productive ore bank in the world.**

**The largest tannery in the United States is about to be erected in Carbon county, Pa. It will be 700 feet long and 60 wide, and will tan 15,000 hides in a year.**

**On Thursday, August 13th, the Norfolk (Va.) *Herold* reached the sixty-ninth year of its existence.**

**In the United States the Catholics have 1,245 churches, and the Protestants 36,919. The Catholics have 1,203 ministers, and the Protestants 28,797. The Catholics have \$6,280,768 worth of church property, and the Protestants \$78,774,018. As to property, there are five Protestant sects which have either a greater number of church edifices than have the Catholics, the Baptists possessing over eighty times as many, and the Methodists possessing nearly eleven times as many.**

**The estate of the late Governor Synges, of Rhode Island, valued at over \$6,000,000.**

## HOW PANAMA HATS ARE OBTAINED.

BEHIND the principal chain of the Andes extends towards the borders of the Ucalaya and of Maranon, a tributary of the Amazon, an immense plain towards the east, traversed by many chains of detached mountains, which they call in the Republics of Ecuador and in Peru, the "Montana Real." Under a cloudy sky, often furrowed with brilliant light, the eternal verdure of these primeval forests enchants the eyes of the traveller, while the terrific inundations, the marches, the enormous serpents and numberless insects, seem to arrest his hesitating footsteps. This region, in the midst of which communications with the outward world are so difficult, is called Lower Peru.

Here are found, in all the luxury of a free vegetation, the most elegant and gigantic vegetation, the most beautiful and odorous flowers, the most useful shrubs and valuable plants, which are known throughout all Europe. Among these is a sort of heather, a gramineous plant, called in the country "Bombonaxa" (straw for hats), resembling in form the common marsh reed or rush, of a soft green tint, and growing sometimes to five and six feet in height, while the thickness of the stem is hardly equal to a darning needle.

These plants, very common in Lower Peru, in the plains of Ecuador, as well as at Manta, at Monte Christo, and other provinces of this republic, flourish equally in the valleys west of New Granada, and near the place named Verdona.

The "Tschipatschips," otherwise called Panama Hats, are thus named because the first quantity of these exotic head-coverings imported to the United States and to Europe was purchased at Panama, at the houses of the negotiators who had bought up the stock.

The leaves of the bombonaxa, to be just right for weaving, are gathered before their development, and great care is taken to remove the too prominent veins or ribs. They are then placed in warm water until they are bleached. When this operation is completed every plant is laid separately in a chamber, where a high temperature is maintained, which whitens the bombonaxa sufficiently in two or three days. The straw thus prepared is sent to all parts of the weaving country, and the Indians of Peru employ themselves in making, besides the hats, those delicious cigar boxes which bring oftentimes from twenty to forty dollars a piece.

The Indians of the Moyobamba, evidently descended from the Mongolians, have large and broad faces, with black flowing hair and a reddish brown skin. These red-skins of the Amazon are scattered about in little groups and villages in the thick forests which are distributed over the vast pampas of Lower Peru, and it is to this indolent and haughty race tradition says the world owes the manufacture of the bombonaxa hats.

The weaving of these hats seems, however, to be particularly affected (or practised) at an Indian colony of Moyobamba, on the shores of the Amazon, north of Lower Peru. The inhabitants of this village, man and woman, old and young, follow this trade exclusively; you may see all its little world before their cabin doors, weaving hats, with cigarettes between their lips. The straw is plaited on a block, which the workman holds between his knees. Usually they commence working at the centre and enlarge until the hat is completed. The most favorable time for this kind of work is the morning of a damp, rainy day, when the atmosphere is saturated with humidity. Generally at noon on a clear, bright day, the straw breaks easily, and its imperfections are very visible under the form of knots, when the work is completed.

When an Indian has made a dozen of these hats, and is commissioned with as many more by his associates, he sets forth for the chief depot of disposal in his neighborhood, and manages matters so as to arrive there towards night. Nothing is more curious than to see this Indian, cautiously concealing his merchandise beneath the folds of his large puncho or mantle, advance to the verandah of the house where dwells the presumed purchaser, and wait without speaking or knocking, but solemnly regarding the door in silence. When the merchant examines the goods brought, the Indian generally asks a fabulous price, about three times the value of the merchandise, and after a long discussion and argument examines the money to see if it be good before he will take it. If there be more than one vendor, he who comes to terms the soonest is the lucky disposer of his goods. If the silver satisfies him, he draws from his inexhaustible puncho a second, third and fourth hat, and for every one of these Panamas the same scene of defiant quarrelling, contention and disagreement is recommenced and gone through with. It is easy to see the disadvantages which arise from this method of barter; it is difficult to purchase more than twenty hats a day, even in the most flourishing periods. Thus to obtain two thousand hats, valued at two or three thousand dollars, it is necessary to remain in the country three or four months. To say the truth, however, in spite of these difficulties, the trade in tschipschips is the most reliable and lucrative in the country.

The province of New Granada, in which Panama is situated, produces equally as well as Peru. From sixty to eighty thousand hats are annually brought from that country and sent to all parts of the world. Just now the high price of these hats has prevented their exportation, but at times they have been quite plentiful. They are distinguished by being woven all in one piece, marvelously light and supple; you may roll them up and put them in your pocket without fear of breaking them. In rainy weather they turn black, but may easily be restored to their natural color by putting them in soap and water. The chief benefit of these hats is that neither heat nor insects (which devour everything else under the tropical sun) have any effect upon the bombonaxa straw. It is only long wet weather which can deteriorate from their quality.

The hats plaited of the bombonaxa are exported from all the South American ports and from Lima, to San Salvador. In Nicaragua, certain classes of Indians live exclusively by the produce of their manufacture. The labor in making them is very great, which is one of the causes of their very high prices. The minuteness of the workmanship is more or less, according to the quality, and while the common article demands hardly two or three days' time, those of the first quality need entire months of labor and attention.

Owing to the high duty imposed by Government, Panama hats will continue to be a luxury in this country until it is removed. There is no reason why they should be literally shut out of our ports, for they are not things which we can manufacture, and the experiment of importing the grass and weaving it into form in this country has proved a failure. In any Central or South American port a Panama hat of tolerable quality can be purchased for a few shillings, but one which will bring twenty-five dollars will command an immediate sale among hat fanciers in the United States. Among the planters of the South you find the best Panama hats; in fact, it is only in that geographical section you meet with them at all, except on the heads of seafaring men. We know of two wealthy sugar planters who bet the best Panama hat that could be obtained on a pending Presidential election; the gentleman who lost presented the winner with one that cost two hundred dollars.

Many of these hats are most beautiful to look at, being much more delicate than the finest Leghorn, once so fashionable with the ladies. The common kinds are coarse and harsh to the touch, but the better qualities are as soft as velvet, and from their pliability and durability are certainly the pleasantest texture in the world to shade the head, and at the

same time not too oppressive by the weight. Knox, of New York, has the finest Panama hat in his possession that is in the world. It was manufactured especially for the World's Fair at London, but by some mistake it never reached its destination. It was produced for the sake of *éclat*, under the direct superintendence of one of the native ex-Presidents of Central America, and so fine is its texture that it could not be worked upon in the daytime without injuring the laborers' eyes; it was therefore woven by candlelight, thus avoiding the glare of the sun upon the semi-enamelled coated straw.

The manufacture of these hats is confined, as has been already stated, exclusively to the natives, and there is no doubt that they were made long anterior to any communication with Europeans. Among the *élégants* of Paris they are highly esteemed, and no exquisite ventures to appear in the fashionable resorts of the country without a fine specimen on his head.

A WATERFALL WORTH SEEING.—Some writers having described a visit to "Vorinfos" waterfall, in Norway, and claimed for it the greatest plunge in the world, the editor of *Hutchins' Magazine*, a Californian periodical, says: "The astonishing height of the above, although situated in one of the most romantic and mountainous countries in the Old World, cannot compare with those of our own California, which surround the magnificent Valley of Zo Hamite. One of the falls is thirteen times the height of Niagara, that being 165 feet, while the Zo Hamite fall is about 2,000 feet."

BENJAMIN WOOD, brother of Fernando, of New York, has bought a share in the Mariposa estate of Colonel Fremont in California, which embraces 44,000 acres, includes seven towns, and contains any amount of gold. The value of the estate—when they get it from the squatters—is variously estimated at from ten to twenty-five millions of dollars.



VIEW OF A FIELD OF BOMBONAXA, NATIVES GATHERING IT FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF PANAMA HATS.



NATIVES MAKING PANAMA HATS.



A TRADER BARGAINING WITH A NATIVE FOR A PANAMA.



VIEW OF I. M. SINGER & CO.'S SEWING MACHINE ESTABLISHMENT, 458 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

# INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

## A DAY AMONG THE SEWING MACHINES.

ONE circumstance connected with the general introduction of sewing machines deserves especial notice. In the early stages of their manufacture, the most gloomy anticipations were indulged in with reference to their effect upon the wages of labor in the various trades to which they might be applied. Some classes of

mechanics combined together in order to prevent the machines being used. But in spite of this violent opposition, sewing machines have been rapidly made, and put in extensive and profitable operation. No disastrous results have followed, but on the contrary, the wages of hand labor in all the trades affected have steadily increased, and at this moment the compensation of workmen in the clothing trade (which was the one supposed to be most in danger) is double what it was five years ago.

A fair consideration of the case will satisfy any unprejudiced mind that the inventors and manufacturers of good sewing machines are genuine benefactors of their race, and that their prosperity is intimately identified with the best interests of the country. The most prominent among all the patentees of these useful articles of domestic industry are I. M. Singer & Co.

The principal credit of this grand improvement is due to Isaac M. Singer, who, in the month of September, 1850, completed,



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CENTRAL OFFICE OF I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

and put in effective operation, his Perpendicular Action Sewing Machine. It was invented and constructed in the short space of eleven days. The magnitude of this invention was not readily appreciated. It is only by consideration of the immense amount of hand labor which it can and must supersede, that its unequalled importance can be understood. It is estimated that more than one-half the adult portion of the human race are almost wholly employed in the use of the needle, and much of this sewing is a kind which rapidly wears upon the system, producing premature disease and death. The sewing machine was precisely the invention most needed by the world. And yet, at the time of Mr. Singer's invention, the introduction of the sewing machine into general use and favor was a task of extraordinary difficulty. In order to understand why this was so, it is necessary to review briefly the history of the sewing machines. The first machine was of French invention. It operated with one needle and a single thread, making what is commonly called the single chain-stitch. This machine was not adapted to general purposes, the seam sewed by it could readily be unravelled out, and therefore it was never much used. In the year 1833, Walter Hunt, Esq., of the city of New York, invented the curved needle, with an eye near its point, acting in combination with the shuttle, forming an interlocked stitch, by the employment of two threads. Several experimental machines were made on this plan of Mr. Hunt's, which are said to have operated with considerable success. Want of pecuniary means, and probably a strong prejudice which then existed against bringing machinery into competition with hand labor, prevented Mr. Hunt, and Mr. George A. Arrow-smith, to whom he sold the invention, from applying for and obtaining letters patent. The machines, after being considerably exhibited in this city, were laid aside to await a more favorable condition of the owner's resources and of the public mind.

A very strenuous effort has been made in the United States Circuit Court, for the district of Massachusetts, to establish the fact of the priority of Mr. Hunt in the invention of the combination of the needle and shuttle, and thereby to devote that device to the unrestricted use of the public. This great question arose upon the patent granted to Elias Howe, Jun., in September, 1846. It was finally litigated for about two years, Mr. Howe, the patentee, being the plaintiff, and I. M. Singer & Co., substantially, though in the names of other persons, the defendants. The result of this contest was, that the patent of Mr. Howe was fully affirmed, both at law and in equity, and has ever since been acquiesced in by all parties in interest. This legal contest and adjudication established the immense value of the Howe patent, and, as a legitimate consequence, Mr. Howe has since been receiving licence fees for the use of his invention to the amount of about fifty thousand dollars a year, with a reasonable certainty that the sum will be doubled every year his monopoly continues to exist. But the sewing machine, when constructed according to the Howe patent, proved to be of little value as a practical instrument. The inventor having never constructed but three machines, other mechanics endeavored to manufacture them, but they failed to operate to advantage, and did not go into public use. In the year 1848 Morey & Johnson produced a sewing machine which was subsequently patented, in which was first developed the combination of a needle and a hook for the purpose of making a chain-stitch, and also the important device of a spring pressure to hold the fabric being sewed to the surface of the feeding apparatus. This machine had decided merit, and was a great improvement upon the original French invention. To a limited extent, and for a few specific purposes, it has been used ever since its first introduction, but still it was not adapted to the general requirements, and did not succeed in acquiring public favor.

In 1849 Lerow & Blodget obtained a patent on what is called the Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine. The patent in this case was upon the plan of rotating the shuttle entirely around a circle at every stitch. This was a palpable blunder, as the effect was to take a twist out of the shuttle-thread at each stitch—but the machines being much better arranged than Howe's—though the same in essential parts, operated far better, and to some extent went into use. The rights to use them were very extensively sold. These machines, however, were soon found to be a failure. By these various defective machines the public had been repeatedly deceived and disappointed, and were prepared to regard any man as an impostor who should speak of offering a sewing machine, no matter how perfect it should be. This immense pressure of public odium had to be removed before Mr. Singer could make any progress with his invention. In October, 1851, he exhibited his machine at the Fair of the American Institute, and was awarded a premium of the first class—a gold medal. Similar testimonials have been awarded to this invention at seven fairs in the various States. The crowning triumph of this sort was achieved at the great Exposition Universelle, in Paris, of Europe and America. The medal of the first class was awarded to I. M. Singer for the best machine.

Since the first patent granted to I. M. Singer, for the sewing machine, on the 12th day of August, 1851, seventeen other distinct patents have been issued to him in the United States, and have also been patented in several foreign countries. The ingenious and valuable improvements which form the subjects of these several patents, have been embodied in the machines as they were made, and explain the reason of the steadily increasing favor with which these machines have been received by the public. Perhaps no higher testimony as to the value of these improvements can be adduced, than that of the *Scientific American*, which, on the 11th of August, 1855, says: "Mr. Singer has become a Nestor in the discovery of sewing machine improvements. Hardly a week passes without the issue of one or more patents for his inventions. His sewing machines have been greatly improved within the past year, until now they are in the highest degree perfect. Himself and partner have already made large fortunes from the sale of their machines, and their business is rapidly increasing. We are glad of it. No one man has done so much towards the introduction of these great labor-saving machines as Isaac M. Singer. He ought to be well rewarded."

And again, the editors of the same able journal, on the 20th of October, 1855, in reference to the claims in two other patents granted on the same day to I. M. Singer, remarks as follows:—"Mr. Singer is the inventor and patentee of many highly ingenious and successful improvements in cloth-sewing machinery. But the inventions above patented strike us as forming a crowning triumph. They consist in a new plan of stitching, and in a novel method of embroidery, whereby ornamental designs of every description can be wrought out on the cloth in the most splendid manner, with great precision and rapidity. We have seen some elegant specimens. Thread, silk, worsted, gold lace, and other species of embroidering stuffs, varied in colors to suit the taste, may be laid on with singular ease and facility. The work performed is, moreover, very firm and durable. The field of employment for inventions of this kind is a very large one, but the extensive resources and well-known energy of Messrs. Singer & Co. leave no room to doubt that it will soon be well supplied."

Though the sewing machines of Singer & Co. are all manufactured in the city of New York, where is located their central office, their business requires, and they have established, branch offices in all the principal cities of the United States, and also in Canada, and at Glasgow, Scotland, and elsewhere in Europe. Each of these branch offices comprises all the accommodations

of an ordinary store, together with a small machine shop, and the aggregate business transacted by them is very large.

The patents of I. M. Singer & Co. in France have been sold for the price of five hundred thousand francs, and a manufactory to construct the machines has been established in Paris. The clothing of the French army and navy is now made by these machines, which are rapidly being introduced throughout the whole Empire of France. That information regarding this progress of the sewing machine may be efficiently and cheaply distributed, I. M. Singer has found it necessary to publish a pictorial newspaper, entitled *I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette*, which is gratuitously distributed. It is filled with all manner of information relating to sewing machines, and being elegantly illustrated, presents an attractive form. To every person who feels sufficient interest in the subject to make application by letter or otherwise at either of the offices of I. M. Singer & Co., a copy of their *Gazette* will be sent gratis.

The rapid demand for these machines has called into existence extensive co-operation of mechanics and laborers of almost every pursuit. There is now erecting on the eastern side of Mott street, between Broome and Spring streets, in this city, a structure which will have a front of four entire lots; it will be of iron, strictly fire-proof, six stories high, besides the basement and cellars, and will be, architecturally considered, one of the handsomest as well as one of the finest buildings, erected for manufacturing purposes, in the world. The magnitude of it may be dimly comprehended when we consider that its eight floors will comprise a superficial area of twenty thousand square feet. When completed, we shall have it engraved for our columns as another instance of the triumph of the "Industrial Arts."

Messrs. Singer & Co. have hitherto directed their attention principally to the production of machines of universal utility, such as are capable of executing the lightest and the heaviest kinds of work upon every variety of fabric. Their efforts have been fully appreciated, and their machines received with unbounded favor. They are now just about producing a small and elegantly ornamented machine, at a lower price, designed for ordinary family sewing. This will obviate, in a measure at least, the necessarily high price for a first-rate sewing machine, for a cheap article can never be worth taking even as a gift. This course has been adopted to save thousands from loss, who are induced by misrepresentations to purchase an article utterly worthless for the purposes advertised. As might be expected, the success of Singer's labors has induced a multitude of spurious imitators. All such productions must be so imperfectly made, that they are practically good for nothing. As a general rule, the unscrupulous speculators who make these infringing machines, after imposing upon the public for a few months, end by ruining themselves. The truth is, that no new kind of sewing machine can now be made without palpably violating several established patents, and no such machine can be well made without all the appliances of a very extensive and costly manufactory. It follows, as a necessary consequence, that no sewing machine built secretly in order to escape injunction can be worth taking as a gift. The only safe or sensible course of proceeding on the part of those who wish to buy sewing machines, is to purchase of manufacturers established in reputation, whose machines have been extensively tried and are known to give satisfaction.

The central office of I. M. Singer & Co., of which we present exterior and interior illustrations, is a white marble building, of an elaborate and elegant style of architecture, thirty feet in width on Broadway, and one hundred and ten feet in depth on Grand street, being one of the most convenient and conspicuous locations for business in the city of New York. For a fifteen years' lease of the premises a bonus of twenty thousand dollars was paid, besides assuming a rent of twelve thousand dollars a year. The interior decorations of this sumptuous palace of industry are as complete and perfect as experienced taste could devise or money purchase. It is one of the splendid show-places which only a great metropolis can sustain; which all strangers who visit New York ought to see, and where all visitors are courteously received, even though induced to call by curiosity alone. About twenty different kinds of sewing machines are here exhibited, and the great variety and perfection of their products are most surprising to all who are unfamiliar with the progress of the art.

#### THE BOGUS BABY'S A, B, C.

- A Is Dame Anderson, meek, modest and mild,  
Who was willing, for truth's sake, to loan her sweet child.
- B The real Bogus Baby, now at Barnum's, Broadway,  
Where thousands are thronging to see it all day.
- C The "two clever ones"—Cunningham, Catlin—  
Both in the Tombs, with fear their bones rattling.
- D M. P. Dilks, who from a tight "Cornish hug,"  
Wrestled the child from the arms of a Thug.
- E Elm street, whence she brought babe in basket;  
Where, as a "Sister of Charity," she thought best to mask it.
- F Was the Face of "Fales Birth," and "Birth-after,"  
Which tickled our fancies and filled us with laughter.
- G Is the Gospel all over the city,  
"The sweetest of infants"—"so plump and so pretty,"  
Married and single—the loveliest misses—  
Fix their bright eyes upon't and devour it with kisses.
- H Oakley Hall is, whose plans, deep and vast,  
Caught the cunningest dame in her own trap at last.
- I Is the Interest taken by all,  
In seeing so wicked a vixen's downfall.
- J Bespeaks Justice, from which I'm mistaken  
If her legal adviser can now "save her bacon."
- K The Keys are of the calls in the Tombs,  
Where the culprits are cooped awaiting their doom.  
"Confined" she now is for certain, after mis-carrying  
(The babe in the basket), besides doubtful marrying.
- L Was the Lawyer, who law so expounded  
(When she was first tried), he the jury confounded.
- M Was the Murder that did or undid her,  
And at one fatal blow made a wife and a "widder."
- N Are the Newspapers, teeming with pity  
At such bloody deeds in the heart of the city.
- O Was the Oh!—the last exclamation  
Made by Bardell at his assassination.
- P The Policemen who formed her escort  
In her progress to prison, where soon she was brought.
- Q Are the Quirks of the "limb of the law,"  
To prove that the lady had "laid in the straw,"  
Ay, and the Quips and Quilllets, that may be,  
To swear she'd a child, but no "Bogus Baby."
- R Was Nurse Regan, who the babe's blooming rears  
Laid snug in a basket, like a little she Mosee.
- S Stands for Speight, one of the watchers,  
A prince of M. P.'s, a king of thief-catchers.
- T Were the Tears she shed, when a widow  
She said she was left, when the murder they did do.
- U Doctor Uhl is, whose aid meritorious  
Stopped the career of this female notorious.
- V Was the Vampire, who did Harvey's blood suck up  
When he butchered his victim, like a porker just stuck up.
- W A "Widow bewitched," who "wanted an heir,"  
That of houses and land she might have the sole heir.
- Y Yearnings and Yells in her "travels and pain,"  
In "Love's Labor Lost" and "Labor in Vain."
- Z Are the Zanyes, who don't think it fair  
To catch, by old means, such a cunning old hare.

The alphabet's ended, and thus ends the story  
Of a Face that was funny, of a Mother most sorry.

#### A COLUMN OF GOLD.

CHARITY.—Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew-drops hung upon its bosom and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it swung, joyous and smiling. Lightly it swung to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-god, sweeping from the East, and smote the young rose with its scorching rays, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it drooped to the dust in its loveliness and despair. Now the gentle breeze, which had been gambolling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound bark, sweeping over hill and dale, by the neat cottage and still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease, and frisking the curls of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose, she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its head in cool, refreshing showers, and the young rose revived, and looked and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze; but she hurried away, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured upon her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in heart, and went away singing through the trees. Thus charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness, which steals on the heart like rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

#### LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY.

BY PHOEBE GARY.

Promise to love! why woman thinks  
To love a privilege, not a task;  
If thou wilt truly take my heart  
And keep it, this is all I ask.  
Honor thee! yes, if thou wilt live  
A life of truth and purity;  
When I have seen thy worthiness,  
I cannot choose but honor thee.  
Obey! when I have fully learned  
Each want and wish to understand,  
I'll learn the wisdom to obey,  
If thou hast wisdom to command.  
So if I fail to live with thee  
In duty, love and lowliness,  
'Tis Nature's fault, or thine, or both;  
The greater must control the less.

A PHILANTHROPIST.—"Bobby, what does your father do for a living?"

"He's a philanthropist, sir."

"A what, Bobby?"

"A philanthropist, sir. He collects money for the poor folks away off somewhere, and builds houses in the city, sir."

Literary labor is undervalued, chiefly because the tools wherewith it is done are invisible. If the brain made as much noise as a mill, or if thought-sowing followed hard after a breaking-up plough, the produce of the mind would at once assert a place in the prices current. If a writer could be so equipped with wheels and pinions as entirely to conceal the man within, like the automaton chess-player, and sentences were recorded by a wooden, instead of a living hand, the expression of thought would be at a premium, because the clockwork would seem to show that it cost something to make it.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL MISTAKE.—Professor Krautsalaat's wife, a few days ago, wended her way to a large silversmith's down town, and purchased a number of table and dessert spoons. A day or two afterwards, while Krautsalaat was basking in the smiles of his better half, the silversmith's boy called with the account. Mrs. Krautsalaat being told of it, informed her husband that the boy had come with the spoon bill. "Upon my word," said Krautsalaat, "I don't see what you want with it—only the day before yesterday I brought you home a canary, and a splendid poodle, and now you buy a spoonbill. You women are never satisfied." Poor fellow! his pocket-book found out what kind of spoon bill it was.

#### A HOMOEOPATHIC DOSE OF PUNCH.

THE MONEY MARKET.—Get your money ready before getting out of an omnibus, and be ore going into Chancery.

COIT ABOVE THE CLOUDS.—An analogy has lately been established to exist between planets and shooting-stars. It mainly rests on the astronomical fact that the former class of luminaries are all revolvers.

THE MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM OF ALL.—To square the circle of a lady's dress. N.B. A poor husband says he has been trying the experiment on his wife's milliners' bills, and for the life of him he cannot make them square at all.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A BORROWER.—"How very provoking, my dear fellow? If you had come yesterday, you might have had the money!" How true this is through life! Whenever we ask for anything, the only "yes" we receive is in "yesterday!" In begging favors, to-day always means a day-too-late!

THINGS THAT IT'S BETTER TO DO.—It's better to brew beer than mischief—to be smitten with a young lady than with the rheumatism—to fall into a fortune than into the sea—to be pitted with a mother-in-law than the small-pox—to cut a tooth than a friend—to stand a dinner than an insult—to shoot partridges instead of the moon—to have the drawing of an artist instead of a blister, and to nurse the baby at any time in preference to your anger!

A HINT FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—Mr. Punch.—Allow me, sir, to suggest, through your columns, a great improvement upon babies' caps. When, in our second childhood, we wear wigs, if we want them, why should not the same head-dress be adopted for early infancy? It seems to me that a baby in a wig would be a diverting spectacle, calculated to allay maternal anxiety, and exhilarate the generally serious and often gloomy pater-familias. But then, to be sure, I am only—an old fogey. P.S. Powder is used about babies, I rather think—eh? Wouldn't it be a handy and ornamental addition to the wig?

PUNCH'S POT-POURRI POUR RIRE.—No woman is a beauty to her *femme-de-chambre*. A lawyer's carriage is only a legal conveyance—and it is the client, as often as it stops at the door, who pays for the drawing up of it. Most golden calves, when thrown into the crucible of time, turn out no better than pigs of lead! Life is a romance, of which a coquette never tires of turning over a new leaf. Mock no man for his snub-nose, for you never can tell what may turn up. A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending. Be kind even in your reproaches, and reserve them till the morning. No one can sleep well who goes to bed with a flea in his ear. The man who is fond of sacking his reputation upon the smallest trifle, generally retires from the contest before he is called upon to deposit his stake. Life is full of contradictions—but woman takes very good care that we shall never hear the last of it. It is wrong to judge men by trifles; the man, yesterday, who kept the dinner waiting half-an-hour, keeps his mother-in-law!

THE GRAMMAR OF ORNAMENT.—"Do you mean to say, doctor, that the ladies are more positive than the men?" "Comparatively speaking they may be, madam, but then again the ladies are far more superlative than the men." [The above pretty extract from the "Grammar of Ornament" was overheard at a wedding-breakfast in the city.]

A RUB FOR THE CLOTH.—Clergymen should not show themselves at the hustings. Far better for them to stop at home in their studies, and engage their innocent minds with the "doctrine of election."

AN UNUSUAL WEDDING SCENE.—Some time since, six young gentlemen bid farewell to the lasses who had won their hearts amid Scotia's blooming heather, and sought the shores of America, in hope of being enabled the better to prepare for wedded life. They located at Chicago, where the remembrance of their "bonnie Annie Lauries" inspired them to unusual and persevering exertions, till fortune at last so favored them that they sent home to Scotland the information that they were now anxious to see their betrothed, and accompanied the message with a goodly remittance to pay their passage. The girls, for mutual protection and society, came over the ocean in the same vessel, and arrived in safety at Quebec. Thence they embarked with several hundred other emigrants on a river steamer, to continue their journey down the St. Lawrence. That steamer was the ill-fated Montreal, and of the six betrothed maidens five found either fiery or watery graves. The sixth, Miss Jeannette Pettigrew, was taken up for drowned, and only by faithful persistent attention was her life saved. All her worldly possessions were gone, but kind-hearted women at Montreal supplied her abundantly when they heard her affecting story. Eventually she reached her destination, and in a late number of the Chicago *Tribune*, there is chronicled the marriage of Mr. Adam Tate, of Chicago, to Miss Jeannette Pettigrew. He alone reaped the reward of his long exertions; and at the wedding there were present two of the five young men, whose feelings when they contrasted the happiness of their friend with their own bereaved condition must have been sad indeed.

SYRIAN WHEAT.—A gentleman from Alabama received from the Patent Office some spring wheat from the "Farm of Abraham," at the foot of Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land, which he sowed during the past spring. It came to maturity in seven weeks, producing a large full head, with a berry in every respect equal to the original. This wheat is reputed to ripen in Syria in sixty days from sowing. It will thus be seen that our climate hastened its period of maturity eleven days.

In 1827 the population of Oswego, N. Y., was 700; in 1857 about 20,000. Its debt is about \$40,000. How lake trade amounts to \$12,500,000 annually—imports of grain 19,500,000 bushels. Bank capital \$1,000,000.

The drawing is upon the principle of one number upon each wheel and it is so simple that every one can understand it. There is no combination of numbers to mystify the buyer. Prizes vary from \$40 to \$20,000; every prize is drawn. Write your address plain, and direct your orders to:



"A SPANKING BREEZE" AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Published this day,  
THE FIRST NUMBER OF  
**FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,**  
With which is incorporated the  
**GAZETTE OF FASHION.**

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**A GLOOMY BRIDAL.**—We have heard of some dark scenes, but rarely encountered anything so utterly deficient in sunshine and whitewash as the following. It reads like a yard of crape:

Gloom was upon her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office it was to unite them in bonds never to be torn asunder, stood like an executioner before the bride and bridegroom, and they—the pair waiting to be blessed—bent down their heads like criminals before him. In vain might the eye wander around the assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance; all was dreary black, and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony were alike shrouded in one dark, overshadowing pall of rayless gloom. Ah, joyful should ever be the linking of young hearts together, and terrible must be the feelings of those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering, even at the threshold, which should blaze in all the gorgeous coloring of hope and promise. Yet the same sombre shade, the same gloom of hue, the depth of darkness, was seated upon every feature. No sudden blushing of the rose, no swift succeeding of the lily, no fitful changes telling of youthful passion and warm, bright

hope, were on that bride's cheek, but one unvarying shade of funeral gloom possessed the bride, the groom, the preacher—in fact, they were all possessed. Reader, they were Timbuctoo darkies!



JOHN BULL IN CHINA.

**WANTED TO FIND.**

**A BUSINESS man,** howsoever great his hurry, who would not stop to watch feminine ankles climbing in and out of omnibuses.

**A man** who could hold an umbrella properly over a lady's bonnet, or put on her cloak or shawl without crushing her hair, or be good-natured when he was sick, or had his chin cut when shaving, or had to wait ten minutes for his dinner or breakfast, or who was ever "refused" by a lady.

**A bachelor** whose carpet did not wear out first in front of the looking-glass.

**A married man** who could give the right hand of fellowship to a wife's old lover, or take a hint from the toe of her slipper, under the table, before company.

**A milliner** who could be bribed to make a bonnet to cover the head.

**A husband's relative** who could speak well of his wife.

**A doctor** who had not more patients than he could attend to.

**A school teacher** whose interest in his pupil was not graduated by the standing of their parents or the length of their purse.

**A washerwoman** who ever lost an article of clothing.

**An old maid** who was not so from choice.

**A CERTAIN** editor thinks when a single gentleman cannot pass a clothes-line without counting all the long stockings, it is sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.

**A RAW** Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared it was the devil. "No," said his companion, "it's only a steamboat hunting for wather."

"I SAY, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de cats'epy dat befel Philise?" "O' course I did; what was it?" "You see, de doct' ordered a blister on her chist; well, she 'adn't no chist, no how, so she put up um on de band-box, and it drawed her new pink bonnet out ob shape and spile um entirely."

**WHY** should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

**(Magazine Advertisement continued.)**

Evening Scene on the Housetop.  
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Scene on the Paseo.  
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**The Gazette of Fashion.**

Introductory.  
What to Buy, and Where to Buy it.  
Review of Fashions.  
Remarks on the Styles for the Month.  
Description of the Colored Engraving.  
General Description of Fashions.  
Description of Needlework.  
Stratagem versus Strength. A Tale.  
The Art of Making and Modelling Paper Flowers.  
Household Ornaments.  
Family Receipts.  
The Law of Color Applied to Ladies' Dress.  
Novelties for October.

**Illustrations to the Gazette.**

Superb Colored Fashion Plate. Four Figures.  
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Ladies' Basque.  
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Walking Cloak.  
Sofa Pillow in Fluted or Ribbed Berlin Embroidery.  
French Walking Costume.  
Bed Furniture Fringe.  
Bonnets, Caps and Head-dresses. Six Illustrations.  
Child's Frock in Broderie Anglaise.  
Ladies' Purse.  
Sections of Paper Flowers.  
Model of Paper Flowers.  
French Dresses.

**TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, at the CRYSTAL PALACE, in the City of New York.**

The Managers announce that the Palace will be opened for the reception of goods, from Monday, the 7th, until Tuesday, the 15th of September, 1857. Heavy goods from a distance will be received and stored in the Palace on and after the 1st of July.

No article entered after the 15th of September can compete for the premiums.

Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals, Silver Cups and Diplomas will be awarded on the report of competent and impartial judges.

Ample steam power will be provided to put in operation Machinery of every description.  
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